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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has scored a real success at Locarno. He has not been faced in the security negotiations by the same difficulties as have faced his predecessors, since it is obviously much easier to play the rôle of peacemaker between two countries anxious to make peace, as is now the case, than between two countries with no sincere desire to reach agreement, as was the case until a year ago. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that Mr. Chamberlain has acted with the greatest tact, patience and goodwill, and the fact that a week ago we found it necessary to refer somewhat bluntly to the bad impression he had created among members of the League of Nations by his apparent lack of constructive international policy makes us all the more happy to congratulate him now on his achievements at Locarno. It is greatly to be hoped that he will have succeeded in dissipating at least a part of that distrust of British intentions which has flourished abroad since the Government's rejection of the Geneva Protocol.

## THE NEW EQUALITY

That French comment on Mr. Chamberlain's attitude should be favourable does not surprise us, since France obtains from the Security Pact all that she could wish to obtain. German appreciation, however, is much more important, and Mr. Chamberlain's various declarations of goodwill towards Germany should be very helpful to her Government during its coming fight with the Nationalist Party. We deal elsewhere with the Pact as a whole, but we might here emphasize the fact that it consecrates, as it were, the terms of the Versailles Treaty. Germany thus appears to give more than she receives. But the change in the attitude of the Entente Powers towards her will be of greater value than any number of more material concessions, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand will give further assistance by bringing about as rapid a modification as possible of the regime in the Rhineland and the Saar Basin. Failing this, a Governmental crisis in Germany and the consequent wrecking of the Locarno agreements is possible, though, we believe, improbable.

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## THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS

There is something almost pathetic in the astonishment of the "Isolationists" in the United States over the Locarno Conference and the decision of Germany to join the League. They have frequently told Europe that she must get herself out of her own difficulties, but they have not believed that she would succeed in doing so. The problem of war debts may still make unaided European recovery impossible, but at any rate the Locarno Conference and Mr. Chamberlain's reminder to Washington that the reduction of land armaments can better be brought about through the League of Nations than in Washington have served to convince the United States that the European Powers are not entirely without vitality, energy and self-confidence. The decisions taken at Locarno will do far more to bring about healthy co-operation between Europe and America than all the flattery, all the appeals for assistance and all the complaints of the past few years.

## RUSSIA AND THE PACT

In one other country the security discussions have been followed with the greatest interest. The Russian Press has devoted column after column day after day to prove to the Germans that they must have nothing to do with a Western Pact. All these columns have been wasted and, although we have reason to believe that the only references to Russia during the Conference were quite friendly ones, Tchitcherin will very probably lose his position as Commissary of Foreign Affairs owing to his inability to prevent the alleged isolation of Russia. This isolation can now best be abolished by a decision to join the other nations of Europe in their effort to secure peace, but we can hardly hope for so reasonable a move from Moscow. It is more probable that Karakhan, the Soviet representative in Peking, will take Tchitcherin's place and that the Bolsheviks will neglect Europe in order to make themselves as disagreeable as possible in Asia. But the Locarno agreement should hasten the day when Russia will once again conform to the ordinary standards of international intercourse.

## INTO THE WILDERNESS?

M. Caillaux has met with two failures, and his enemies, both inside and outside the Government, are making the most of this opportunity to drive him out of office. It is unlikely that his proposal for a temporary debt settlement with America will be accepted, and the subscriptions to his four per cent. gold loan have been even more disappointing. At the Nice Conference of the Socialist-Radical Parties M. Caillaux was unable to shut out the spectre of a capital levy. Further inflation would lead to another fall in the exchange value of the franc—already perilously near the figure which caused M. Poincaré's downfall. A reduction in the rate of interest on all internal debts might be useful, but it would be dangerous and unpopular. And yet somehow M. Caillaux must find money, for he has to face serious liabilities before the end of the year. Although his disappearance would not bring about the solution of these financial problems, it would, never-

theless, not be surprising if M. Painlevé were to send him into temporary exile.

## A REVIVAL IN SHIPBUILDING

It is long since there was granted us any omen of industrial good comparable to the interim report of the joint committee of employers and workers in the shipbuilding industry. The bare fact that the inquiry into evils and remedies was undertaken in co-operation is most encouraging. Still more hopeful is the willingness, guarded though it be, of the men's representatives to contemplate proposals which cut across the subdivisions of industry hitherto so jealously defined by Trade Unionism. No decisive action can follow on this preliminary report, but real progress has been achieved, and more may be expected. The most thoughtful of the workers have begun to realize that it is not to their interest to insist on two or three classes of men being employed at different stages on a piece of work which those who first took it in hand could finish. "Greater elasticity and interchangeability" are now on the way to becoming ideals recognized by workers as well as employers. Artificial restrictions must indeed be abandoned when, on the Tyne, the unskilled worker, doing an hour less a day, requires more in wages than the skilled German worker.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND WEST HAM

If West Ham has at last accepted the terms on which the Guardians were offered a loan of £350,000 to enable them to grant poor relief, that is due to the blend of firmness and patience with which Mr. Neville Chamberlain has handled a difficult question and an obstinate body. The result would have been quite other if there had been the slightest reason to doubt Mr. Chamberlain's intention of replacing the Guardians by officials from the Ministry of Health. He meant business; West Ham saw that he did; and opportunity having been judiciously given for manœuvres to cover up defeat, West Ham yielded. The lesson will not be lost on other Boards of Guardians, some of whom need it, though not one has approached West Ham in extravagance.

## DRY FACTS

Logic, proportion, humour, and accuracy seem immediately to forsake everyone who espouses the barren cause of Prohibition. Mr. Lloyd George, wrecked on his land policy and hoping to be floated off on a tide of pure water, has produced an extraordinary contrast between the nation's expenditure on drink and the nation's expenditure on education. A dry audience will doubtless swallow anything, but we take leave to remind Mr. Lloyd George that the figure he quoted for education related only to free education, and took no account of what is spent by the parents of children and youths and girls attending private and public schools and universities. If he must institute such contrasts, he should contrast the figure for free education only with the figure for free drinks. As regards another point, we must remind him that the one city which has decided to go dry at its civic functions is that home of political insobriety, Glasgow, and pray that it may now be moved to confer on him its unlicensed freedom.

## THE COMMUNIST ARRESTS

The arrest of certain alleged Communist leaders may or may not be followed by legal conviction—at this stage the public can form no opinion of the weight of evidence against them; but, for the reputation of the Government, we must hope that action has been taken on evidence, whatever its value, relative to their doings, and not merely on evidence about the views they express. Quite apart from the traditional, though perhaps excessive, toleration shown in this country to freedom of speech and writing, it would be a lamentable thing if the Government were found to have moved in such a manner, or against such individuals, as simply to cause reaction in favour of the Communists in general, whether through withdrawal of the action or through the acquittal of the unjustly accused or through the unnecessary creation of martyrs.

## CHINESE TARIFF CONFERENCE

When the Tariff Conference opens in Peking on Monday the delegates may be faced with the depressing knowledge that civil war has broken out in China mainly on account of their meeting. The rivalry between Chang Tso-Lin and Feng Yu-Hsing has become much more acute owing to the fear of each that Customs concessions to China will bring money into the coffers of the other. The Peking Government has for months possessed so little authority that the different military leaders have not found it worth while to bother about it. The decision to release to it a greater percentage of the Customs dues would, however, bring it very much into the limelight. Somehow the Conference, if it is to succeed, will have to discover a method of encouraging the federation of the different provinces and of avoiding the danger of tempting every Tuchun in China to fight for the extra Customs dues allotted to Peking. Despite these difficulties, generous and friendly treatment may lead to the pacification of China, where attempts at dictation have so obviously failed.

## THE CRIME OF TELLING FORTUNES

That those who profess to tell fortunes should be prevented from carrying on their business in the streets or at race-meetings and in other public places is very proper; but that they should be debarred from private practice, which may give pleasure to some and annoy no one, is less reasonable. Our main objection to a recent prosecution in London, however, is that action was taken, not on the complaint of any discontented private person, but after a thoroughly un-British though now fairly common use of an *agent provocateur* had lured this fortune-teller into an offence. The agent, naturally, was one of those odd creatures produced to gratify feminist sentiment at the public expense—a policewoman. No doubt, if they are paid, work must be found for policewomen, but the force is not more unnecessary than this kind of work. The law of nuisances and the law of fraud are quite adequate means of dealing with any seriously vicious developments of fortune-telling, when a complaint is laid; but, in the absence of such complaint, no notice whatever should be taken of the performances of those who predict the future.

## THE SECURITY PACT

THE general rejoicing throughout Europe at the success of the Locarno Conference is in some ways even more encouraging than the text of the Security Pact itself. It shows how greatly all nations and all parties, with the exception of the rowdy but not very important Nationalists in Germany and France, now welcome any project which lessens the danger of war. Had M. Briand, Herr Stresemann, and even Mr. Chamberlain spoken two years ago as they were able to speak last week, they would have been turned out by their respective Parliaments just as hurriedly as M. Briand was, in fact, turned out at the end of the Cannes Conference for showing much less goodwill towards Germany than he was able to show at Locarno.

The Security Pact is certainly not the wonderful document many people take it to be. In no case does it do more than reaffirm the existing Covenant of the League of Nations, and in one important case it greatly weakens it. The conciliation procedure, based on Germany's Treaty of Arbitration with Switzerland, may possibly prove more successful than the conciliation procedure contained in the Covenant; but both in Western and in Eastern Europe recourse is to be had in the final instance to the League Council. Should the League Council not be unanimous in naming the aggressor, there is still a loophole for war. The procedure of the Geneva Protocol, which would have left no possible doubt as to which State was the aggressor, and which, therefore, would have closed this "gap" in the Covenant, has not been adopted.

On the other hand, whereas the Covenant localizes a dispute until the Council has had time to study it, the Security Pact provides for immediate action as soon as the guaranteeing Power "has been able to satisfy itself that this violation constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression, and that, by reason either of the crossing of the frontier, or of the outbreak of hostilities, or of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarized zone, immediate action is necessary." Every student of history knows how difficult it is in a moment of crisis to decide which army has struck the first blow; and whereas the Covenant provided some sort of safeguard against hasty decisions by declaring that no country should join in a war except at the Council's behest, now Great Britain, Italy, or Belgium may intervene as soon as a case of "flagrant aggression" is reported. In other words, it is quite possible that the present Security Pact will lead to all manner of intrigues on the part of Germany and France to win over British support in the event of a dispute. Even British Governments might make mistakes, and one cannot regard this weakening of the provisions of the Covenant with anything but apprehension. It is quite true that the Council would have to meet without delay, and that "the High Contracting Parties undertake to act in accordance with the recommendations of the Council, provided that they are concurred in by all the Members other than the representatives of the Parties which have engaged in hostilities"; but is anyone so naïve as to imagine that, once Great Britain, Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium were at war, an end to hostilities could be brought about at the



request of Sweden, Brazil, Spain, Uruguay, or other members of the Council, even if, as is very improbable, these members were able to reach agreement among themselves?

Again, there are dangers in the Franco-Czechoslovak and Franco-Polish agreements. A German failure to observe the provisions of the Arbitration Treaties, coupled with a resort to war, would allow France to come to the immediate assistance of Czechoslovakia or Poland, without waiting for an impartial inquiry by the League Council. Such a war might only too easily involve Great Britain should German troops, in their struggle with the French, enter the demilitarized zone. It is also difficult to see why France should be allowed to take immediate action in the event of a violation of this demilitarized zone, in view of the fact that Article 44 of the Versailles Treaty declares such a violation to be "a hostile act against the Powers signatory of the present Treaty," and thus a matter to be dealt with not by France alone. Furthermore, the control of the demilitarized zone will shortly be handed over to the League Council, and clearly France should not be allowed to usurp the functions of that organization.

Although the Security Pact thus amounts to nothing more, and in one case to something less, than the League Covenant signed nearly six years ago, the Locarno Conference nevertheless marks a very important step towards European peace. For one thing, the Covenant was signed in an atmosphere of unreality, and neither Governments nor peoples have ever studied it very carefully or taken it very seriously. They will now be compelled to do so, at any rate in the limited field of Germany's Western and Eastern frontiers. Again, the obligations of the Covenant had not been accepted by Berlin, whereas now Germany will have the same treatment and will accept the same obligations as the other members of the League. It would be fatal for the British public to accept the Security Pact, as they accepted the League Covenant, without appreciating to the full all that it involves, and it is for this reason that we have subjected it to this cursory analysis. But if the Pact itself contains weaknesses and ambiguities, the spirit in which it was drawn up and the psychological effects which it should have are encouraging in the extreme. In our view, the Locarno agreement is vastly more important than was the London agreement on reparations, since the latter deals entirely with the results of the war and the former deals entirely with peace and the future.

Germany is once more on a footing of equality with the other great European powers: the years of dictation and coercion are over, henceforth there must be co-operation. That is in itself a tremendous advance, which cannot fail to be reflected in a more settled and amiable atmosphere in international relations. If, furthermore, it were to lead, as it should, to a big reduction in French armaments, the advantage would be enormous. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain has done well to remind us that the Locarno Conference is only a beginning. It marks the beginning of a period beset with great difficulties, but one which the statesmen of Europe will be able to face with renewed courage. It is the beginning of a period of international co-operation after years of angry and uneasy international rivalry.

## AN APPEAL FOR DISCIPLINE

SO tough and persistent is morality, so profoundly rooted in the nature of man, that it has survived the moralists, and we do not doubt that the appeal which the Archbishops of Canterbury and York are making to the nation will succeed, despite some of the support it will receive. All but the most ingenuous are aware what happens in this country when a great moral plea is put forward. The narrowest and most arid minds engaged in badgering and bullying the public on non-essential questions of conduct press themselves to the front, eagerly hopeful that under cover of the great movement their wretched little schemes of persecution may be smuggled into favour or into force, and a movement which with cleansing energy might have swept the whole land is checked by the just and inevitable revolt of the normal man against the puritanical or pedantic follies introduced into it. Let us hope that this movement will be more fortunate, that it will escape the active and damaging support of those who interpret discipline as obedient to their dictates, and fancy that the full and various life of a great people can be led within the limits which their timidity or stupidity lays down.

That the appeal will have some success we are, as we have said, confident. How much, will depend mainly on the extent to which the warning just given is heeded. The nation is in many respects tired of "unchartered freedom"; like Wordsworth, it feels "the weight of chance-desires," and would attain to that higher and safer freedom of service. On almost every side there is evidence of an awakening desire for order in freedom, for a liberty less likely to degenerate into that dangerous, and incidentally tedious, evil of licence. Again, it is Wordsworth who has expressed by anticipation what is in the minds of most thoughtful people to-day:

Denial and restraint the prize,  
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

If, as it must be, the call which the religious and secular leaders of the nation are about to make is for denial and restraint, it must be with no object other than that.

In short, what seems to have been conceived as a negative must be made a positive appeal—not one so much against indiscipline as one in favour of that fullness, that purposefulness, of life which is impossible without discipline. The direct appeal should do considerable good, but it will need to be followed by tireless propaganda in departments of life in which some of our social crusaders are but little interested. Discipline implies leadership, a pride in obedience to a voluntarily accepted guide, and we shall not have that in the departments of practical life in which there is most clamour for it unless we have it in the religious, the æsthetic, the social life of the people. If authority is so discounted in religion that large numbers of typical citizens depend on the chance-won notions of novelists suddenly elevated to the pulpit; if our art is an anarchy tempered by protests from few but incompetent Rip van Winkles; if our social life is governed by hastily changing fashions instead of by tradition or purposed and intelligent revolt against it, it is idle to look for discipline elsewhere. We



have to do more than appeal for discipline: we have to encourage everywhere the conditions of its revival, in the forms most appropriate to this England of the war and the peace. It cannot be done rapidly, and it will not be done by claiming authority for institutions or classes which formerly enjoyed it without a restatement of the case for their leadership, should they still be deemed worthy of leading the nation. For good or evil, for evil, on the whole, as we think, what we may roughly call aristocratic leadership has been destroyed. We will not despair of its revival within certain limits, but in the main effort must be concentrated on securing for democratic leadership the influence which it no longer enjoys as of course. For just there is the worst part of the trouble. If we look at Labour movements, we see far too often a tendency to defy the authority of leaders chosen by the workers. If we have regard to the strange tyranny of the Stunt Press over the minds of the middle classes, we see as the worst feature of it its extraordinary insecurity, carrying with it an obligation to be forever attempting to outdo the last stunt. On a pessimistic view, indeed, it would appear that the relations between those credited with influence to-day and those supposed to respond to it is less that between leaders and led than that between parties reciprocally and uncertainly enslaved. Such a situation, where it does exist, can be improved only by persistent restatement of the case for leadership, not as a thing desired by prospective leaders but as a thing indispensable to democracy.

## THINGS OR PERSONS?

BY F. R. BARRY

THE Sphinx, it was said, had the engaging habit of putting the casual stranger at his ease by starting the conversation with a riddle. At least it gave people something to talk about: but, as has always happened in history, the application of intellectual stimulus set in motion catastrophic forces which had fatal consequences to herself. The discovery of the human solution ended her own long reign of obscurantism and, as the story goes, ended the Sphinx. This is the title of *Oedipus to fame*—not as the patron-saint of a sexual complex, but as the Man whose mind destroyed the Idol. The human Person triumphed over the Thing. It is the essential interest of religion—to say nothing yet of the Christian form of it—to emphasize and guard this valuation, that personal life with all its implications is the standard that measures its material bases, and gives their worth to the things that should be its ministers.

Judged by this test we are now in a parlous way. The alleged advance of Western civilization has transvalued this essential value and made persons the instruments of things. The machines that we have made to be our servants have taken us, like Robots, in their grip and control us ever more rigidly, body and soul. They have even succeeded in winning our adoration. Things are our gods, and every day in England we offer to them human sacrifices and ritual mutilations of mind and body. The sanctities of home are

sacrificed to what is called "keeping up appearances," that is, to a standard of material comfort; the minds and souls of boys and adolescents are starved and crippled in the interests of industrial efficiency; more and more we are coming to value people just in so far as they make for increased wealth-production—and we are losing ourselves in the process. Let us pull down our barns, we say, and build greater, and then we shall have attained our heart's desire with much goods laid up for many years. "But God said unto him, 'Thou fool!'"

We, too, are conscious that something has gone wrong: our world grows daily more restless and unhappy, seeking for something which it cannot find, for some secret that the Sphinx has hidden from us. This age has provided itself with everything except a reason for wanting to go on living. And with that loss of a directive purpose goes, as every candid observer sees, an evaporation of mental and moral quality. The triviality of our interests, the tonelessness of our enthusiasms, the vacuity of our popular amusements, are symptoms of something wrong in the heart of us. Mechanization has spelt demoralization. In a hundred ways one hears the note of decadence, not least in that mania for introspection, that morbid turning in upon ourselves, which is the result of our bewilderment and our inability to express ourselves in objective, satisfying, ethical effort. Religion itself is touched with this same blight.

This week there was unveiled here in London a war-memorial for the Royal Artillery. I wonder what it really commemorates, the humble heroisms of war-sacrifice, or the futile truculence of Versailles? Its symbolism rather suggests the latter, if indeed we can speak of it as symbolic at all. What precisely does it symbolize? Artistically it expresses nothing: it is simply a howitzer photographed in stone—a sufficiently appalling commentary on the mental inanity of post-war London. Morally, the thing is an affront to the deepest intuitions of our nation, to all in us that remains sane and sacred. Are the peace-loving fathers of families, the gay undergraduates and all that company who gave their lives to a cause they revered, best commemorated by this blatancy? Here is a Thing that played hell with human life chosen as the most appropriate symbol of the richest gift that human life can offer, the gift which has cleansed and enriched the world. This is the very spirit of militarism building itself a shrine where men may worship it. I do not know whether those who planned and authorized it are wholly blind to the best side of our nation or whether they are merely cynical. At any rate, they have insulted us.

Now this memorial was dedicated, by a minister of the Christian religion, in the name of the Christian God. Nobody seems to have felt it was incongruous or anything but decorous and fitting. It chimes exactly with that other outrage, the inscription on the pedestal of the David—in itself a beautiful and fitting symbol—lately erected by the Machine Gun Corps, which has raised such choruses of protest as should have instructed the official mind. I have no wish to criticize the Chaplain-General, whose position is exceedingly delicate, but we have here, surely, raised the whole issue: of what kind are the gods we really acknowledge? Are our standards of valuation

true or false? Are they in any effective way compatible with those of the Christian attitude to life? Was the ceremony at Hyde Park Corner a Christian service or was it a sort of parody? Has religion itself got mechanized into these astonishing feats of self-deception?

A voice came into the world of Imperial culture, which (in spite of exceedingly different circumstances) was psychologically much like our own, and asserted that what was the matter with mankind was that they were living for the wrong things, for competitive and passing satisfactions for the sake of which men kill one another, but in which the spirit of man can never rest. It called them back to the consideration of what it is that gives human life its meaning. What man is, and the secrets of the self, can never be known if we eliminate that home-sickness for the infinite which is the distinctive thing about humanity. Our attempt to blot out the eternal background has dwarfed our lives so unbearably, has made life itself so terrifying, that we have recourse to a shameless "compensation" and imagine ourselves the centre of our universe—Man as the measure and the lord of all things. So, when we lift up our aspirations, we find we are worshipping our own photograph. I doubt if any form of idolatry could ever have conjured up such a mocking laughter to echo through an unpeopled heaven as this solemn, religious auto-erotism which is our modern substitute for God. But here is the cause of our present discontents and the reason why Things have got dominion over us. Man cannot rise to his true human stature except he abases himself before the mystery of a beyond and an eternal order. No great art has ever been created without the consciousness of an eternal background, of reaches and depths in human experience which do pass man's understanding, of an eternal in which he is at home. It is in the recognition of his littleness that Man has ever achieved his heights of greatness, as Shakespearean tragedy attests. But we stand belittled and ridiculous in a universe bounded by our own pretensions. Thus we have dwarfed and crippled human life, made it thin, vulgar and ineffective, stripped of its grandeur and robbed of its defences, insecure amid all our brave gestures.

## INSANITY AND CRIME

By WALTER WADSWORTH

THE Ken Wood murder trial may not have contained any features of special interest to the lawyer or the student of crime. But it was at least another proof of the increasing attention which judges and counsel are prepared to give to the psychology of the criminal, and of the difficulty of putting it to use in the courts. Although the plea of insanity is nothing new, it was in the trial of Ronald True that a serious attempt was made to restate the argument on the lines of prevailing scientific theory. But read in the cooler light of past history, as set out in Mr. Carswell's recent book,\* the True case was a warning that the discussion of the prisoner's mental condition may easily raise more problems than it solves.

\* "The Trial of Ronald True." Notable British Trials Series. Edinburgh, Hodge: 10s. 6d. net.

Like every intellectual adventure, psychology has had to struggle both against being side-tracked by cranks and imprudent enthusiasts, and against being restrained by the established body of opinion. Nevertheless, in every university the psychologist has established his department of science; and in many ways he has proved himself of unique practical value, especially in education and industrial welfare, in some branches of healing, and, indeed, in the prevention and cure of crime. Here, surely, there is room for another advance—a "forensic psychology" which will convince those who plead in the courts that the psychologist should be recognized as a help and an authority. There is no more profitable subject of scientific research than insanity. In the present state of legal practice, whenever insanity becomes the crucial question the judge and jury seem to stand in need of all the help that the experts can give them. The conditions under which an accused person may be said to have been absolved from moral responsibility are laid down in the so-called "M'Naughton Rules"—namely, when it can be shown that he was "labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong." Four specialists in mental diseases gave evidence in True's defence, and declared that they would certify him insane and would have done so at the time of the murder, yet these medical witnesses did not succeed in showing what there was about the prisoner's insanity which would satisfy the M'Naughton Rules.

If "insanity" and "irresponsibility" are not coterminous, it is equally possible that a man who is not certifiable may under certain circumstances be held irresponsible. There is no rigid line, either of time or condition, between the sane and the insane. Can anybody say that he has never been a prey to some anxiety which obscured his whole outlook and sometimes took possession of it? Or to some temptation which he felt as a hateful double of himself? Can he be quite sure that a conflict of this sort might not be the cause of some outlandish piece of behaviour—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps long after he has ceased to be aware of its existence? If this should happen, let him hope that it will not take the form of an offence against the social code. But if he does find himself a prisoner before justice, let him hope for someone who knows enough psychology to trace his downfall back to some earlier trouble, though the two may appear not to have any logical connexion, and whose evidence will carry conviction.

Such are the grounds for the contention that in a court of law the psychologist should stand on an equality with those who practice in the older branches of pathology. It is not implied that more psychology would necessarily lead to more acquittals or fewer miscarriages of justice. But this at least is maintained: that we are becoming more alive to those mysterious and irresistible forces which underlie our conscious thoughts and actions, and that such influences should be given their fullest value when a man and his behaviour are under serious judgment. Nor is there any intention to belittle the knowledge which medical officers in charge of asylums and other specialists

in mental disease possess. It would be ridiculous to imply that they are only interested in defective nerve-fibres and mishaps to the grey matter. They are fully prepared to take account of such purely psychological facts as delusions of grandeur or persecution. But one of the expert witnesses in the Ken Wood trial implied that he dissociated himself from the psycho-analysts and was obliged, as a professional man, to keep to "concrete facts." And even those medical men who gave such sympathetic evidence in True's defence seemed disinclined to go beyond the actual phenomena and suggest the paths along which he was drawn into a state of irresponsibility.

Conflict and repression are, perhaps, the two most important considerations in morbid psychology; they are also of the utmost significance in a criminal's history, whether he is "insane" or not. Blessed are those whose instincts and passions have never tormented them by clamouring for something which is distasteful to what they are pleased to call their real selves. It is when a man has contrived to free himself from the discomforts of internal strife, and thinks he has dispersed the rebels, that queer incomprehensible things may happen. The enemy may creep in unrecognized and gain satisfaction out of some action which may turn out to bear a strange analogy to that which had to be consciously repressed. Or the effect may be a "dual personality"—two minds, two springs of action, in the same bodily lodging, but not on speaking terms, or rather, like Box and Cox, never meeting. One is that undesirable which he thought he had forgotten: the other a shadow of his once undivided self. If he should kill another man under the delusion that he was killing that other self, the idea would be no more fantastic than those of many asylum patients.

A court of law is the last place in which mere speculation can be tolerated. But with his training and his scientific outlook the psychologist can rise above mere speculation, and so make many things intelligible if not pardonable.

## THE DANGER OF IDOLS

By GERALD GOULD

MR. EDWARD GARNETT has done so much for English letters that his lightest, idlest word must be listened to with respect; but that does not mean that he must never be contradicted; it means only that the contradiction must be sauced with doubt and seasoned with humility. There is no pontiff of our literature. We have a thousand schools, but no school-master. It is not with us as it was in the days of Ben Jonson, or of Dryden, or of Addison, or of Samuel Johnson, or even of Coleridge, when one great voice thundered, nor could the squeaks, mutterings and mouthings of schism challenge effectively the well-filled throne. Then there was Taste, now there are tastes. Those oracles spoke of Art and Nature; but they made Art's rules, and "to follow Nature was to follow *them*." Nobody nowadays, not a Garnett, not a Saintsbury, not a Gosse, but would repudiate such a claim to infallibility; there is meaning, now, in the phrase "the republic of letters"; and, if idols are set up, the critics look beyond themselves for divinity.

Idols are set up. Critics claim for others a sanctity which they would not seek to attach to their proper persons. And that is the ground of my complaint against Mr. Edward Garnett.

For he has been writing about Joseph Conrad. No one is in a better position to do so. He was writing about Joseph Conrad when thus to praise required vision and courage, before the fire and gloom of that strange genius had become the common assumption of pedlars. But, I insist, it does not follow that every word written by Mr. Garnett about Joseph Conrad is uncontradictable. No critic, however eminent, can think for other people: every critic, however humble, is bound to think for himself. The particular book on which Mr. Garnett has just been delivering judgment is not my concern. The judgment which Mr. Garnett has delivered on it is not my concern. I should not dream of venturing to utter any opinion on those matters in this place. My concern is wholly and solely with the attitude which Mr. Garnett's judgment seems to me to imply.

It appears that a man ("a gentleman," Mr. Garnett calls him with appropriate scorn)—"a gentleman," then, "named P. C. Kennedy," has been saying of Conrad's unfinished novel that "it does not come to life at all." And Mr. Garnett has retorted:

In much the same way the younger generation wrote of Turgenev's masterpieces, 'Fathers and Children' and 'Smoke,' "it does not come to life at all!" But the awkward fact is that the young critics die while the masterpiece remains serenely living. The truth being that the pure work of art transmutes the temporary truth into the essential truth, and makes the changing forms and fashions into a thing of beauty. This is what Conrad has done in 'Suspense.'

That penultimate sentence gives a fine definition of the function of art—which is what one would expect from Mr. Garnett. But it, and the one before it, have nothing whatever to do with the sentence which precedes them, or with the sentence which follows them. Mr. Garnett has—of course, unwittingly—strung together disputable statements and indisputable statements, on the chance that the majesty of the latter may cloak the nakedness of the former. This is called begging the question. Obviously, the pure work of art transmutes the temporary truth into the essential truth. Obviously, the young critics die (though sometimes not till they have become old critics), while the masterpiece remains serenely living. Even a gentleman named P. C. Kennedy would scarcely, I presume, deny these truths. Heaven knows, I hold no brief for any gentleman named P. C. Kennedy, and in a conflict of sheer and mere opinion between him and Mr. Edward Garnett I should be only too delighted to believe that the latter was entirely in the right of it. But that is not the point. Let every word that Mr. Garnett says be as true as that truth of which Donne wrote:

Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice  
To make dreams truth and fables histories.

Let his general dicta about art (which are not in dispute) be taken for granted. Let his particular judgments—that 'Suspense' is a pure work of art, and comparable in merit to the masterpieces of Turgenev—be equally, though they *are* in dispute, be taken for granted. Still, we must not be asked to give the latter the same validity as the former. Still, we cannot take them for granted on the same plane. Still, Mr. Garnett must not suggest—as the sequence of his statements most clearly does



suggest—that they have anything to do with each other at all.

Why does Mr. Garnett, usually so clear, so critical, so nice in discernment, so precise in articulation, fall into this elementary logical error? It is because he has set up an idol in his mind. He has confused the fallible genius of artists such as Conrad or Turgenev with the august infallibility of art itself. He has assumed that to find fault with Conrad is to do wrong to art.

The truth, naturally, is the opposite. *Not* to find fault with Conrad, or with Turgenev, or with Shakespeare, is to do wrong to art. For to accept anybody uncritically is to shut the spirit's eyes, to abnegate the divine reason which sits at the centre of the soul. It is to set up an idol, and that is the ultimate offence against divinity.

We owe the great writer reverence. But reverence expresses itself in criticism, in expecting the great writer to keep up to his own high standard, not in uncritical acceptance. More than one contemporary writer is depreciated by adulation whenever he publishes something manifestly below his best level. It is one of the dangers, one of the evils, of contemporary criticism—and not of criticism only, nor only among contemporaries. It is the crying evil of the whole history of the world. What was the fault of the Inquisition, save that it attached to the particular the importance and validity of the universal? What was the fault of the Amorites and of Ahab, save that they did very abominably in following idols?

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not for a moment questioning Mr. Garnett's right to his judgment, or even that his judgment is right. I should never speak of any utterance of Mr. Garnett's save with respect. All I am questioning is his right to question the rights of others. Even a gentleman named P. C. Kennedy has a right to his own opinion, even about a novel of Conrad's. He may be wrong, but he has a right to be wrong. To deride his opinion because you happen to differ from it is legitimate; but to pretend that because his opinion differs from yours it is an offence against the immutable laws of art—why, that is idolatry.

## THE THEATRE

### OLD YOUNG AND YOUNG OLD

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Seagull.* By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Little Theatre.

*Growing Pains.* By Booth Tarkington. Adapted from his novel 'Seventeen.' The Ambassadors Theatre.

THE recipe for acting Chekhov is quite simple. First collect a company of genius. Then appoint a super-genius as producing director. Then rehearse the company for a year. After that you may be ready to start. That, with hardly any exaggeration, is what did happen in the case of Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre. These players took up 'The Seagull,' which had failed so badly at St. Petersburg that the dramatist nearly followed his own protagonist on the suicide's path. They made it a success, followed the dramatist into his health-break house in the Crimea, and so consoled him that he

became their author-in-chief for so long as his lungs allowed. They achieved their triumph partly because they had the temperament for the presentation of Chekhov's temperamental characters, partly because they toiled and toiled and toiled again to find the right idioms of stage-expression. Incidentally, they were guided by two men of exceptional patience and artistry, Stanislavsky and Dantchenko.

Had it not been for the Moscow Art Theatre Chekhov would have died with most of his plaintive songs unsung. As it is, his melancholy "spirituels" have strayed across the world and their echo is to be heard from time to time in the drama of to-day. He must be a puzzle to any non-Russian producer. In so far as he was a rebel protesting against the tawdry theatricalities of the contemporary well-made play, his gesture of defiance is easily intelligible. But the difficulty comes in with his satire. He loved the thing which he struck. He would rake the feckless, indolent, dreaming life of the Russian country-house with a mordant sarcasm; but not for long. Compassion came in at the thought of the gracious garrulity of these non-adult adults. He would pass on the criminal to the children's court with a recommendation to mercy. He could not take the horse-whip to the baby.

This contradiction of mood, which is plainly visible in 'The Seagull,' makes production awkward. Sharp satiric fun is so inextricably tangled with sentimental edicts of pardon. Our English method is to see farce as farce and sentiment as sentiment, and we have our own dramatic formulæ for both occasions. But the Russian player makes no such divisions; Stanislavsky's troupe achieve an easy emotional flow that makes the harsh laughter glide away into the tender lamentations. Moreover, they have perfected the methods of the naturalistic stage. That is to say, they can achieve the maximum of spiritual intensity with the minimum of physical display. There are some English actors who can achieve this kind of effect, notably Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Mr. Franklyn Dyall. The best production of Chekhov recently seen in England was a performance of 'Uncle Vanya' in which these two players appeared under Fedor Komissarjevsky, who had been sent to school in the best traditions of the Russian Theatre. But for the English producer to recruit a normal English company and to expect, with a few weeks of rehearsal, to recreate rhythm of the Russian mood seems to me the vainest of vain hopes.

Therefore Mr. Ridgeway, who has tackled 'The Seagull,' is a brave man, and courage is the first of theatrical virtues. Better this flight than none at all. But the play is atmosphere or it is nothing, and the nationalism achieved did not go much further than the wardrobe. There were men in fur-caps and belted blouses and women tramping the slough of despond in appropriate boots. But, with few exceptions, the Russian scratched would have proved anything but a Tartar. Pre-revolutionary Russianism in acting was a thing of banked fires with sharp and exquisite spurts of flame. The fires, which Mr. Filmer courageously attempted to kindle among his company, suffered from damp fuel and burned pretty low. Mr. John Gielgud, however, got to the root of the matter, and Miss Valerie Taylor

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made a good partner. But the balance of the rivalry for the lady's love was ruined by the ineffective handling of Trigorin's part. None the less the play is to be seen, particularly by those who like to observe national divergencies of mood in conceiving a work of art and of temperament in expressing it.

After the childish elders of Russia comes the elderly child of America. 'Growing Pains' is a crude study of the crude. Calf-love is a theme for the fine shades of poignancy, but Mr. Tarkington is too afraid of being sombre and decadent to make it anything but dull. There is tragedy implicit in his young hero's aspirations to be a passionate man of the world; but the American way is to sweeten the bitterness until the whole thing reaches the book-stall standard of saccharine. Calf-love is not permitted to break its heart, but ends by resting its head on mother's shoulder and vowing to be a sensible fellow for the future. The atmosphere of American small-town cubbishness is appalling, but may be true. It is odd to find that the coyly languishing flapper, babbling baby-talk and playing the doll, should still be anybody's idea of a charmer, and the shingled, resolute, informed young women in the pit were evidently annoyed at this projection of feminine charm. If Miss Pratt in Mr. Tarkington's play is the real thing, America is at least a generation behind England in the evolution of the sensible young woman.

The only point of interest in this play is that Mr. Tom Douglas appears in it. As he showed in 'Fata Morgana,' he can express the agonies and exultations of calf-love with a naturalism that is touched with plaintive beauty. The swelling pride of seventeen, the inarticulate pomposities of the would-be lover, the coltish vanities and the subsequent chagrin when it is seen that dress-clothes do not make the man are exquisitely done. But the play never gets deep enough and the author keeps Mr. Douglas on the surface of boyish delight, expectation and despair. Why does Mr. Douglas choose to spend his gracious talent on the superficial when so much of genuine literature awaits him? There is a little boom in Chekhov and his dramatic style would find its best possible lodging in those Russian parlours. There is, of course, the box-office test. But I shall be greatly surprised if 'Growing Pains' runs longer than 'The Cherry Orchard.'

## VERSE

### BEAUTY AND DEATH

IT is a common lie—who would believe it?—  
That, as men lose their beauty, the slow earth  
Does in her tranquil motherhood re-weave it  
Into a bird—into a flower-birth.  
It is not true. The earth has no such power.  
But spring to spring is hostile, summer saith  
"Was there another summer?" bird and flower  
Have nothing half so lovely as their death.  
And if men say no drop in rapture's cup  
But is some beauty known, and had, and scattered  
Now, as hereafter, for the millionth time,  
Remember lost Atlantis silted up,  
And crawling seas between be beauties shattered  
Of gods face downwards in the ocean slime.

HUMBERT WOLFE

## THE CHAOS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

### II—WHAT IS INDICATED

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

IT was suggested in the preceding article that the time has come when the nation can no longer afford to neglect its agricultural estate, and it was shown that this estate, while continuing to possess valuable potential assets, is in a remarkably bad way. Slowly but surely we are closing down our agricultural shop and paying off the hands while others are going ahead, and not only have we failed to extend our business, but we have reduced our output of eighty years ago, in spite of the fact that good farming can still be seen in England.

I now propose to try to deduce the reasons for this lapse, and to see in what direction the moving finger of agricultural progress is pointing. The most noticeable thing is that for fifty years at least we have had no consistent or sustained agricultural policy, although other nations similarly situated have all realized that some such policy, on lines clearly defined and unsusceptible to the vagaries of party politics, is a necessity. Secondly, the number of our holdings has been decreasing, and the tendency has been for large-scale farming, which skims a living from many acres cheaply farmed, to become more and more popular. At the same time corn-growing has steadily fallen off. In other countries comparable with our own exactly the opposite has been the case. There the tendency has been for a peasantry to become even more firmly established, for more intensive farming to be the rule, and for corn production to increase. Denmark had to face the same problem as ourselves, i.e., the competition of cheap corn from virgin land produced under ideal conditions with which she could not compete, but her answer was to readjust her agricultural point of view whereby she used this corn, together with all she herself could grow, as raw material for re-exportation in the shape of butter, bacon, poultry and eggs. Instead of turning her country into a sheep-walk, she made it more productive than it had ever been, and every year has brought a greater number of acres under cultivation.

Thirdly, while most other European countries have taken steps to establish the cultivator in his holding and assure for him all the fruits of his own efforts, we have done next to nothing; where others have organized agricultural production, purchases and sales, we have only a travesty of co-operation; while nearly every civilized and semi-civilized country in the world has set up, with greater or less success, a system of rural co-operative banks, we have only a ponderous Agricultural Credits Act which nobody uses; and while others have drawn up carefully-designed systems for giving education in a suitable and acceptable form to their rural populations, we have ignored the question entirely.

The fact stands out directly we compare English rural development with that of other countries, that the broad lines of all their agricultural policies are the same, and only ours lead in an exactly opposite direction, and at the same time they are prospering while we languish. Has anyone ever given a valid reason why our countryside needs such special and peculiar treatment, or, conversely, why we cannot do what others have done? Soil and climate are not the reason, nor temperament, nor geographical position, nor lack of wealth, technical ability or business ability. We have led the world in education, in industry, in production, agriculture and banking, and there is no reason to think that we have mentally, morally or physically deteriorated. It cannot even be argued that the countryside is afraid of work, for any such theory could be quickly disproved by spending a day with an average farm labourer or small-holder.

It is useless to make excuses, to say that England is not Denmark—or Germany—or Holland. For while it is true that our soil is more variable than the Danish, our temperament more independent than the German, our problem of internal distribution more complex than that of centralization for export, yet the broad fact remains that they have a policy where we have none, and this harping on particular difficulties is only an enumeration of details that could all be adjusted by adaptation to circumstances, were we not too lazy to do so. The truth is that we have been spoilt. Providence has showered so many gifts upon us that we have been tempted into trying to grasp them all at once in one large, greedy handful, instead of exploring and enjoying the individual merits of each to the full. Agriculturally we would have been in a better position to-day if we had had to "get on or get out." Turn and twist as we will, it is impossible to escape the unpleasant deduction that lazy thinking and embarrassment of riches have been the real enemies of our agriculture.

If this fact can be faced and admitted, the first thing the practical man will say is: What can be done? The answer surely is that we should turn to our erstwhile pupils, who are doing us such credit—not slavishly to apply their methods wholesale to our needs, but openmindedly to see what they have to teach us, and how we can adapt what we learn to our own conditions. In every examination that has been made of their success, it has been almost unanimously agreed that the maintenance and encouragement of a self-reliant peasantry has played a leading part, and so it seems reasonable that the first and most important step for us to take would be to introduce into this country an efficient small-holding system. Incidentally, such an innovation would coincide so admirably with our particular social needs that we would be justified in making the experiment even if there were not the purely economic encouragements to be found for doing so.

This would not mean that all large farms were to be abolished, for there are districts peculiarly well suited for corn-growing pure and simple, which is a better proposition on a large scale than on a small one. Even the Danes have not abolished all their large farms. There is room in England for both kinds of farming, and there is a large percentage of land which would pay the cultivator and the nation better if it were more intensively farmed (under a proper organization) than farmed by the somewhat wasteful and slipshod methods all too frequent to-day. The story is well-known of the farmer of 1,000 acres, who gave 250 of them to each of his two sons, and then found himself making a greater income from the 500 that remained.

Up to the present, however, our attempts at introducing small-holding into England have met with anything but satisfactory results. It will be my purpose in subsequent articles to show what advantages such a system, sensibly administered, would bring; why so many previous attempts have failed; and what are the essentials that appear necessary for success. I propose, not to set forth a hard and fast scheme, for that can only come through a body of experts of all political creeds meeting together with a sincere determination to solve the problem, but rather to suggest the lines on which the question must be approached, and to point out certain cardinal points on which a sound policy must hinge.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### AN AMERICAN ON DEBTS

AMERICANS are often considered by their Allies in the Great War as being mercenary on interallied debt settlement questions. Doubtless we are hated in France, despised in Italy, and considered not very "good sports" by our British cousins.

Manifestations of such truths meet the American in many ways—witness the hissing of the American flag, the beating of American spectators, and the open derision of American sportsmen exhibited on the Olympic field in France. It was a disgraceful spectacle but one valuable in giving an *ex cathedra* view of the real spirit of the French people towards Americans. What are the facts?

First, it surely was not a war brought on directly or indirectly by America or anything that had to do with America. It was Europe's war—we had absolutely nothing to do with its inception. Let the blame for the war fall where it belongs, on the shoulders of Europe. Secondly, we did all we could to keep out of this European struggle. Our patience was almost interminable in the face of insult and injury at that time; our attempts to remain neutral were sincere and hair-splitting. Owing to Germany's isolation, our aid in the matter of supplies and war munitions went to England and her allies; this, though, was the rule allowed by belligerents to a neutral. We stood ready to aid Germany in case she could receive such aid. Thirdly, America has been criticized for her delay in entering the war. How have her allies turned out, in the years since the war "for democracy"? France is determined to annihilate certain black people in Africa; Germany and France still glare at each other, and the old hatred and "revenge" is there; Russia—well, the less said the better. Americans looked on with nausea at the victorious European nations (save England) squabbling with each other over boundaries, oil wells, etc., after this war, and if anything substantial in morality was gained by the war its position is unknown to me. Only when we could remain out no longer did we enter the European embroglio. Everybody, including myself, then did his bit. I closed my office, bore the loss, and went out to fight in a cause that was entirely remote from me or my family or, I might say, my country. If you think the war smouldering for years between France and Germany, and into which England was regretfully drawn, was a "moral" war, you are entitled to your opinion.

On account of the result of this age-old hatred between Germany and France, then, I had to risk my life. We lived on poor bread, went without many things to which we were accustomed, we subscribed to numerous heavy drives for the war. Our entire world was subverted to fighting that foreign war. Our national debt grew enormously, being finally twenty-five or thirty times what it had ever been before. A dollar even now over here only buys what half a dollar formerly bought. Thus people in retired life, living on income, lost half the purchasing power of their savings. A frightful amount of our property was wasted or destroyed: wood ships that proved a loss; mountains of war materials now consigned to the junk heap; scores of "Eagle Boats" and other land and sea craft now junk.

Conclusion. After many years, and taking our own national and private losses with the best grace we may, we suggest that money owed us ought some time or other to be repaid. Why not? In the name of justice, why not? Why should we be supposed to be made the final goat in an affair whereby already we suffered everything for others and received nothing from the decision. England was saved from the ravages of the "Huns"; France was saved; Italy and Russia had national salvation, doubtless. We rejoice that all this was so—but let's not forget it. America alone made a victory whereby Germany's foes could hold their own and finally win out. That is true, let us acknowledge truth. England, as usual, comes forward and does the right thing. The others hoot and hiss the flag that saved them and will return not one dollar of money loaned them in very grave national peril, except it be wrenched from their unwilling fingers.

The war has given Americans a liberal education in a political way. European diplomacy, "camouflage,"



"propaganda," all these were unknown and, entirely unsuspected by the great majority of Americans. And merely to know Europe would be worth in the future all the war cost us, if we have no debts paid. Don't ever look for American soldiers on European soil again; you'll not see them; don't ever expect a free, generous outpouring of money again—for Europe. Our experiences with France, Italy, etc., have been too illuminating. We are now educated, tuition paid. England is a great nation, loved and respected by lovers of truth and justice. We admire her staunch qualities in the midst of such all-around crookedness. But we are regretful of her nearness to European volcanoes.

JOHN C. SILLIMAN

### PEDLAR'S PACK

WITH the death of Lord Ribblesdale there falls another and particularly handsome flower of the Whig tradition. To combine the fine arts with hard riding and Liberal politics with the cares and recreations of the squire was a habit of life that marked him as a nineteenth-century nobleman with leanings towards the eighteenth. But his second marriage to a wealthy American's widow and the fact that his son was a Socialist at Oxford before Socialism was in fashion, aligned him also with the new generations. Sargent evidently enjoyed the privilege of painting a Master of the Buckhounds who was also a Trustee of the National Gallery and he has set down Lord Ribblesdale for posterity as a senator in riding boots, austere yet sensitive, at home in the Lobby, the salon, and the saddle. Sargent's verdict will stand. There is an epoch in its composition.

Ours is an age impatient of authority but anxious for inspiration. That is why "the man in the street" remains profoundly unmoved by the controversy which is raging within the Church of England over the question of Prayer Book revision. Formalisms and controversial ecclesiasticism move him not at all; he simply does not understand the attitude of mind of Christian ministers passionately and even bitterly engaged in battle over points of procedure. It was Jeremy Taylor who wrote: "It were better you imagine what your religion is than what your Church is, for that which is a true religion to-day will be so for ever, but a Church may betray her trust." It is impossible to have a religion without rules, but it is possible to have too many rules and too little religion. Could not the peace be kept by making all the proposed revisions of the Prayer Book permissive? It would tend towards a lack of uniformity and order, but is that necessarily to be deplored? At least there is life in diversity.

There has been much comment on the psychological effects of the Locarno Conference. A friend who returned from the scene on Tuesday tells me that Mr. Austen Chamberlain was obviously feeling the sense of a significant occasion. Quite apart from the black and white that is the Pact, there was a spirit of composition in the air and my friend was particularly struck by seeing Herr Stresemann and M. Benes in earnest and friendly consultation. Considering the enormous bitterness that exists between Germany and Czechoslovakia over the boundary and minority questions, it is good to think that tempers are cooling. If only Europe could be spared the irritant of ceaseless propaganda by all sorts of bodies with national and economic causes to promote, the peoples might learn to forget much that is better out of mind. Locarno may have had this healthily Lethean aspect. It is as easy to under-rate the value of an atmosphere in politics as to exaggerate its powers.

The most remarkable event of the week historically has been the successful test of the "autogiro" flying machine at Farnborough. The pilot, Captain Courtney, must be presumed to be the first man in the history of the world to have made a vertical ascent and descent in a machine that is heavier than air, and the enterprise must have required extraordinary courage. It remains to be seen whether the large hinged vanes, by means of which the autogiro operates itself, can be made to stand the strain of continuous flight in all conditions of manœuvring and weather; if they will, all our ideas about the development of aviation will need drastic revision. We must be prepared, too, for a revolution in aeroplane design which, from an æsthetic point of view, would be deplorable. The lines of the latest types of aeroplane are beautiful in their economical expression of speed and power; the spidery vanes of the autogiro look grotesque rather than graceful.

One imagines there will be general approval of the decision to restore the full use of maroons on Armistice Day. The Silence is one of the really imaginative ideas conceived by the nation and its proper observance is worth guarding jealously. An increasing reaction is noticeable against the self-indulgence which marks the day for many people once they have paid their perfunctory tribute to the dead from 11.0 to 11.2 a.m. It was against this habit that the SATURDAY REVIEW protested vigorously last year and the year before. The reported intention of the B.B.C. to broadcast the Silence sounds perilously like turning the Silence into a stunt, and will not, I hope, be attempted.

Before it closed I paid my ritual visit to the Motor Show at Olympia, but brought away nothing more solid than impressions. I gather that the Show has been an enormous success; orders have poured in. Where does all the money come from? On all sides the cry goes up that trade is in a parlous condition, signs of depression are only too evident, almost all of those whom one knows personally are "feeling the pinch"—and yet the motor trade, a luxury trade, is booming as never before. One of the sights of the capital of a country alleged to be on the verge of ruin are the rows of luxurious limousines parked in its squares and open spaces. "Is England Done?" Not if the motor industry is any criterion.

Last week this column contained some references to the Royal Artillery Memorial which was unveiled last Sunday at Hyde Park Corner. Second seeing does nothing to enhance my opinion of this memorial. Nobody would wish to offend the feelings of bereaved relatives by decrying it, but the truth is that nothing is more likely to offend them than the memorial itself. As an artistic achievement, its failure becomes more and more evident. The cynical may ask why the sculptor went to the trouble of producing a replica of a howitzer in stone when the genuine article could almost certainly have been purchased from the Disposals Board for a few pounds.

The Norwich Museum is to-day celebrating the centenary of its foundation. A banquet last night, a visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York this afternoon, and a reception this evening constitute the social ceremonies. An important exhibition of paintings, illustrating the history of art from the time of Rubens to the present day, has been arranged by Mr. P. M. Turner, of the Independent Gallery. This, I am asked to state, will be noticed at length in next week's issue. It is very right that the home of the Norwich School should be alive to artistic values. The example of the civic authorities of Norwich in making this celebration of international interest is one of which other towns might well take notice.

TALLYMAN

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

## IS ENGLAND OVERDONE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will you allow me warmly to support the view of your contributor that it is time the English should assert themselves a little? The generosity with which the English always treat the achievements of the smaller nations of the United Kingdom is never reciprocated. Only last week the Archbishop of York, addressing a Scots gathering, in a speech occupying nearly a column in the Yorkshire Press, expatiated at length on the great superiority of the Scots and the immense inferiority of the English, providing at any rate a convincing demonstration of the complete superiority of the Scots to all rules of courtesy.

I shall probably be told that this was an after-dinner speech, not intended to be taken too seriously. That would be a complete mistake. These insulting comparisons are made quite seriously by the Scots and form part of their systematic "boosting" of their own merits, in which they can give points to the Americans; but they trust to the good humour of the English to take the matter jokingly. As we all know, in the Great War Scots officials and Scots journalists did their best to suppress the great deeds of the English regiments, carefully calling them "British," while emphasizing the feats of the Scots, Welsh, and Irish Divisions, even when towards the close of the War it was notorious that the two last were entirely recruited from Englishmen. To this day, I believe, Lord Haig has never thanked the English regiments by name, strange as it must seem that a general should grudge his tribute to the soldiers who have won his battles for him. But the real attitude of the Scots to England has surely been made plain by the insults of the Clydesiders, heard apparently with complete approval by all other Scots, seeing, as far as I am aware, no protest of any kind has ever been made by a Scotsman.

No one will deny that Scotsmen "get on" well. Material success is generally theirs, and this seems entirely satisfactory to the Archbishop of York. But has it ever occurred to our self-complacent Northern countrymen that, while Scotland has produced many competent men, she has produced extraordinarily few great men? The Archbishop might, perhaps, reflect that the spiritual qualities which go to the making of greatness are separate from and even antipathetic to the qualities essential for "getting on." No nation in the world has surpassed England's roll of great men. In this, as in so many other things, there is no need for England to despair.

In conclusion, may I suggest that all English men and women who feel that England and her ideals of freedom, generosity, and justice, and the great gifts she has given to the world, are worth preserving, and that the fashion of treating the English as an inferior race to be lectured, day in and day out, by Scots politicians, Scots journalists, and Scots ecclesiastics, has been carried to an intolerable extreme, should join the

Will our correspondent "Tournebroche" kindly send us his present address? A letter awaits him at these offices.—ED. S.R.

Royal Society of St. George, of which the Prince of Wales is President, and which aims at linking the English race throughout the world together and maintaining those traditions to which our little island owes its greatness.

I am, etc.,

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE

## THE FUTURE OF FASCISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent, in his article on the future of Fascism, made some interesting and very true points, but also several mistakes, which I should like to point out. To begin with, he looks at Italy through spectacles of a very jaundiced hue. It is no good making out the rulers of Fascism to be a set of unscrupulous and murderous scoundrels. It simply won't wash. I know most of them well, and can tell you that it is not so. True, there are some black sheep. If you expect me or any other sane person to believe that, I shall expect you to believe Mr. Hilaire Belloc's conception of the rulers of your English Parliament—a horde of rogues steeped to the finger-tips in corruption.

Secondly, your correspondent says that Fascism will perish with Mussolini. That is wrong. Mussolini will find a very able successor in Federzoni, the great financial genius who balanced the budget. It is quite probable that Fascism will split up into two parties, but both these parties will be Fascist. It would be unnatural if victorious Fascism did not split up. What does your own Bacon say, that the victorious party always splits into two? But the split will not be between Syndicalist and "Conservative" factions. (I suppose by "Conservative" you mean anti-democrat—it is a wrong name; the Conservatives of modern Italy are the Opposition—the men who wish to conserve the old constitution). Every Fascist is a Syndicalist; every Fascist is an anti-Democrat. The split, when it comes, will be caused by conflicting personal ambitions—two men struggling for the supreme power. I refer you to a very similar period in Roman history, after the Republican Party had been vanquished at Philippi. The victorious Imperialist Party was split by the personal ambitions of Marcus Antonius and Octavian. But the victory was won. Rome was no longer a Republic. So, when Fascism splits up, the victory will have been won: Italian and Fascist will have become synonymous terms.

Thirdly, you say that Italian youth has turned away from Fascism. That is ridiculous. Bid your correspondent keep his eyes open. Why, the alternative name for Fascismo is "the Reign of Youth in New Italy." Is not their song entitled 'Giovanezza'? But I trespass upon your space.

I am, etc.,

RAWSON GHERARDINI

Walsall, Staffordshire

## EUROPE AND THE RIFFS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I quite understand Mr. Hecht's point, and I am also disposed to agree that we must not expect too much from the Vatican. The Great War and the Russian Revolution went so far to shatter all forms of authority—theological and ecclesiastical, as well as political—that one fears the views of the Churches do not carry much weight in international matters.

I still think, however, that it is most unfortunate that methods of warfare against the Riffs as Moslems and "natives" are tolerated when the same methods would be universally condemned if these unhappy Africans were white men and Christians.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

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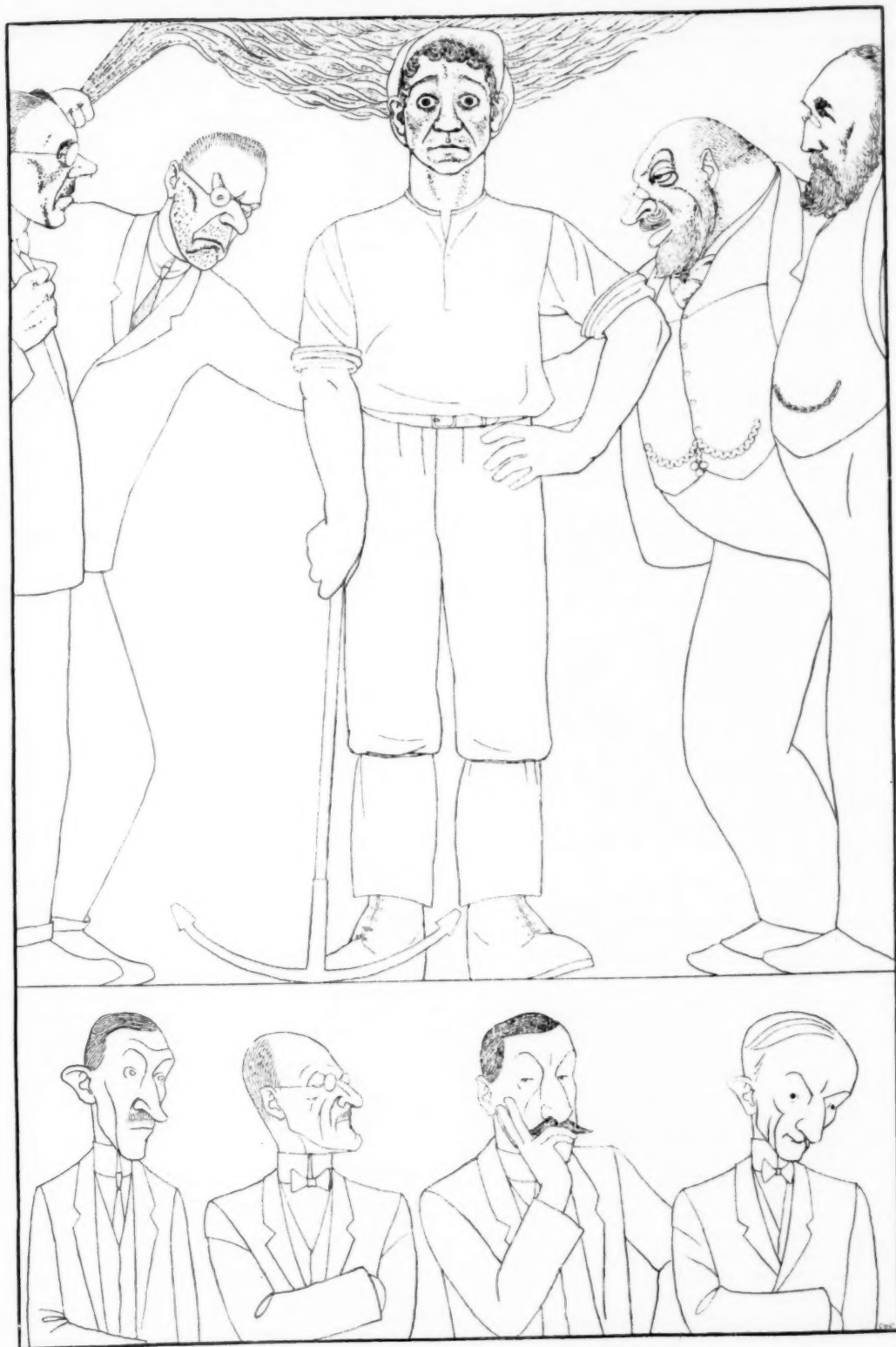
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Dramatis Personæ. No. 174.

By 'Quiz.'

## THE COAL COMMISSION

MR. KENNETH LEE, SIR HERBERT LAWRENCE, SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE.



## VOTES FOR PAUPERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Now that local rates are 24s. in the £, and every competent authority declares that the present crushing taxation is crippling all trade and industry, is it not time more attention was given to the dastardly blow aimed at national thrift, industry, and the standard of British character generally, by the abolition of the pauper disqualification in local government elections by the Representation of People Act, 1918 (7 and 8 Geo. V., Ch. 64, Part I, par. 9)?

It seems inconceivable that the Coalition Government, whose sole *raison d'être* was to carry the late war to a successful conclusion, should have taken such a grave, far-reaching, and, as it has proved in practice, calamitous step as to give the vote to people in receipt of out-door relief from local guardians. At that time, February, 1918, the country was actually fighting for its very existence on the Western Front in France. Political economy demonstrates that the incidence of poor-law relief is to lower wages by raising up a race of people who have been reared up on, or with assistance from, parish funds, and who tend to flood the market with cheap labour (*v.* Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A.).

It is now notoriously true, as a result of the abolition of the pauper disqualification, that in many districts (*e.g.*, West Ham) guardians are elected almost entirely by the pauper vote, to cater solely for the unemployed. In these areas free speech, the advocacy of Conservative principles, or any doctrine opposed to Socialism, is not permitted, the paupers howling down any opposition. The police seem powerless to maintain the elementary, but, none the less, essential, right of free speech. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Minister of Health, should at once induce Parliament to repeal the above clause (7 and 8 Geo. V, Ch. 64, Part I, par. 9), relating to franchises of people in receipt of outdoor relief. He would then be in a position to deal with a Socialistic body as the West Ham Guardians, trying to force a Socialist measure as the nationalization of the Poor Rate on Parliament and the country by direct action.

I am, etc.,

H. J. TOMLINS, JUNR.

73 Ferndale Road, Leytonstone, London, N.E.

## MR. V. J. PATEL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your issue of August 29, you say, in reference to the appointment of Mr. V. J. Patel as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly, that his difficulty will be to maintain outside the chair that aloofness from party controversies to which he has pledged himself. According to a telegram from the Associated Press, published in the local newspapers on September 28, Mr. Patel, in reply to a welcome he had received from the (Indian) citizens of Bombay, is reported to have said: "*To outward seeming I must change, must lay aside the sword of battle and clothe myself in the all-encircling mantle of an impartial mind. The moment I find that the retention of the chair is in the slightest degree detrimental to the best interests of the country, that moment you will not find me there. . . .*" The italics are mine. I find it difficult to understand how a man with avowed anti-British feelings can be an absolutely impartial chairman in an Assembly where he has to deal with members who, according to his firm opinion, express sentiments and endeavour to pass resolutions which are detrimental to the best interests of the country, and yet make a speech in public such as he is reported to have done in Bombay.

I am, etc.,

GUY D. LYS

Barrackpore, Bengal, September 30, 1925

## "CHUCK IT, SMITH"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Floyd's letter in your issue of October 10, I quoted Sir Mark Sykes's opinion of Mr. F. E. Smith, not Mr. Shane Leslie's rather rash prophecy, in which, however, he seems to pay Lord Birkenhead a somewhat ambiguous compliment.

I am, etc.

P. D. S.

## ART TO ART AND OTHER MATTERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I did not mean to provoke Mr. Ivor Brown into controversy, for indeed I think that on the whole we very much agree with each other. Certainly on the moral thesis, that an artist who behaves like a cad must not plead his art as a justification of his caddishness, I concur most heartily.

On the other question, I am not prepared to admit that the artist's heightened enjoyments in any way balance his excessive sufferings; but it is scarcely an arguable point, because the evidence, in the nature of the case, cannot be conclusively adduced.

Lastly, Mr. Ivor Brown is so beguiling in his request that I should confess myself to have overstated my case that I really cannot refuse him. As for the Platonic *Æsthetic* and the Kantian Categorical Imperative, let us assume that they are jolly well all right.

I am, etc.

GERALD GOULD

1 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

## IS THE ENGLISH THEATRE DONE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read and agreed with Mr. Ivor Brown's notice of the *Chauve Souris* under the above title in your issue of October 10. But I would wish to ask him a question. He writes that "people who try to do this sort of thing (national vaudeville) in England get very little thanks or attention for their pains." When the Theatre of the Cave of Harmony, a purely English affair, gave a performance at the Court Theatre some time ago, Mr. Brown, I seem to remember, was far from giving it an encouraging welcome. I seem to remember, even, that he condemned it as foreign imitation. How does he account for this inconsequence?

I am, etc.,

DESMOND TRENCH

Horsham, Sussex

## ENTERTAINMENT TAX AND SCHOLARS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Speaking at the annual meeting, the President of the National Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Association said the negotiations that had been going on between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Association might result in Amateur Societies receiving a total exemption from the Entertainment Tax. Congratulations to this Association on their achievement. Now may we hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will grant exemption to scholars who, in quest of knowledge, attend performances of plays of a definite educational value. I have organized a special matinee of Bernard Shaw's 'Saint Joan' at this theatre, and have reduced my prices of admission to assist scholars to attend, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer requires these children to pay 4d. each in order to sit in a reserved seat, the reduced charge for

24 October 1925

which is 1s. 6d. It would be interesting to know if the history of civilization can produce any example of a heavier tax on knowledge than this.

I am, etc.,

ALFRED WAREING

*Theatre Royal, Huddersfield*

PATER O'FLYNN

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—My friend George Russell, *Æ*, of the *Irish Statesman*, recently called my attention to the correspondence about my 'Father O'Flynn' in your columns. I read it through in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, with much enjoyment of the two Latin verse versions of it supplied to you by 'Presbyter Anglicanus' and Mr. Richard Patterson. The former of these was not new to me, for when I visited the Trappist Monastery of Mount Mellasy, near Lismore, with other members of the Irish Literary Society, the priest who showed us round, when I was introduced to him, smilingly informed me that the Prior or Abbot—I forget which—but at any rate the head of his monastery, had done 'Father O'Flynn' into Latin verse, which I was then privileged to read. It comes back to me that his Superior was "Father Alphonsus." I agree that there are excellent points in this version, but the translation by the Orange author, which you print, is truer to my text and I think may be said to be generally the more successful achievement of the two.

I am, etc.,

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

*Harlech, N. Wales*

## AN APPEAL

### A CLUB FOR ELDERLY GENTLEWOMEN

Gradually the efforts of those who have at heart the cause of aged ladies with small means are nearing fruition. The problems of at least a hundred of them will be permanently solved when the new building, now slowly rising near Sunningdale, is under roof in the spring. This large red-brick building with façades in the Elizabethan style, ornamented with weathered oak, will occupy a site among gorse and heather, and has been planned so that its four low rambling wings are open on all sides to the sun and air. Accommodation will be available for ladies with an income of from fifty to a hundred pounds a year, for those of all religions, and not alone for Londoners, but for applicants from the provinces and Dominions.

Princess Mary was among the first to send donations to Lady Bertha Dawkins, at 42 Ebury Street. Lady Bertha's vice-chairmen, each responsible for collections in a different section of industry, number nearly seventy. Countess Beatty will work in Surrey; the Countess of Ancaster has taken Craven Lodge Club at Melton Mowbray, which is certain to open with a swing on the arrival there of the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, who are making it their headquarters for hunting; Mrs. George Pinckard will make her appeal among authors and publishers; Lady Weigall among Australians and Lady Congleton among Canadians. These are only a few of those who are giving time and money to the appeal for £25,000, which has met with remarkable success although the campaign has barely been launched. A most encouraging meeting was held at Chandos House some days ago, by kind permission of the Countess of Shaftesbury, at which Lady Bertha Dawkins announced that the collection had already amounted to £8,000.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

*Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.*

IN 'Modern Poetry' (Cape, 6s. net) Mr. H. P. Collins gives us, not a series of essays on contemporary writers, but what, so far as we have yet examined it, appears to be a courageous and clear-headed attempt to put contemporary poetry as a whole in perspective. It is among the most welcome signs of the emergence of order out of æsthetic anarchy that, from their very different points of view, writers like Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Graves, and now Mr. Collins should be explicitly or implicitly bringing current notions of poetry to the test.

'All God's Chillun Got Wings' (Cape, 7s. 6d. net) brings together three plays by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, in some respects the most significant writer America has produced in this generation.

We are very glad to find Mr. Oliver Onions, whose best work has not yet had its due, promoted to the position Mr. Galsworthy took with his modern saga and Mr. Arnold Bennett is taking with the Clayhanger books. 'Whom God Hath Sundered' (Secker, 7s. 6d. net) assembles, in a revised form, his three remarkable novels, 'In Accordance with the Evidence,' 'The Debit Account,' 'The Story of Louie.' Each, on appearance, had its measure of success; but we believe that the book now made out of them is destined to impress itself far more deeply on the public.

Among the books of this week dealing with political and economic issues, two stand out conspicuously: the enlarged edition of Lord Milner's 'Questions of the Hour' (Nelson, 2s. net) and the Hon. George Peel's 'The Financial Crisis of France' (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net). The latter is the outcome of thirty years of study, begun when the author was charged with the production of a report on French finance for the information of the British Treasury. It possesses great value, not only for its special public, but also for all who would understand the conditions under which French policy in regard to post-war problems has to be shaped.

Among books of travel we may mention Captain Frank Hurley's admirably illustrated 'Argonauts of the South' (Putnam, price not stated), and with this presentation of the lure of the Antarctic, and account of the Arctic expedition accessory to Amundsen's attempt, 'By Airplane Towards the North Pole' (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d. net). More varied appeal, to the reader of books of travel and to observers of Eastern affairs, is made by Colonel P. T. Etherton's record of his experiences in Chinese Turkistan, 'In the Heart of Asia' (Constable, 16s. net).

'Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything' (Cape, 7s. 6d. net) is probably this season's best book to buy for juvenile friends with the secret intention of keeping it for one's self. It is by Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper, who has been credited with knowing more than anybody else about circus animals, and is a good deal better than most circuses.

A very different but also very tempting gift-book is the edition of Sheridan's 'The Duenna' (Constable, 21s. net), which Mr. George Sheringham has illustrated. If there is any adverse criticism to be made of these drawings as illustrations, it is that they have more poetry and finer breeding than Sheridan. One of the designs for a drop curtain is perhaps the best thing done as a basis for the decoration of a fan since Conder, and almost everywhere there is charm.

'England's Green and Pleasant Land' (Cape, 6s. net) is an anonymous and in places exceedingly bitter description of rural life by a close observer.

Finally, and this is far from heavy reading, we have 'The Ægean Civilization' (Kegan Paul, 16s. net), by Professor Glotz, a vivid picture of the culture which Schliemann and Sir Arthur Evans have revealed to the modern world.

## REVIEWS

## A NOTE ON MR. CHESTERTON

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

*The Everlasting Man.* By G. K. Chesterton. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.

THE trouble is that whoever the *Everlasting Man* may be, he is certainly not Mr. Chesterton, for he is not the man he was. This is a statement one makes sadly and reluctantly about a writer who is one of the most lovable personalities in modern letters, whose very name has spelt delightful intellectual entertainment to most of us almost as long as we can remember. But a study of this latest volume, not a mere collection of newspaper articles but a large and ambitious book, has hardened into a certainty what was before only an awful suspicion. It may be said, and has been said to me more than once, that it is not Mr. Chesterton who has changed but ourselves, his grumbling admirers. You can easily test the strength of this defence, however, by returning, as I have just done, to some of the early books and remarking the difference between them and the later ones. Thus, 'The Everlasting Man' has much the same purpose as 'Orthodoxy,' written eighteen years ago. It is a defence of orthodox Christian theology and the Church against all their innumerable opponents, the naturalists, anthropologists, professors of comparative religion, higher critics, rationalists, and so on and so forth. The first part defends the Church's conception of human history and attacks the evolutionary theories. The second part, 'On the Man Called Christ,' develops, with some characteristic excursions into fancy, some arguments not unfamiliar in apologetics, notably the evidence of Christ's divinity from His own statements (for if He was suffering from a delusion, then our whole conception of Him is shattered), and the Church's position as saviour of a world that had tried everything and could not save itself. Much might be said on the subject of these arguments and their presentation here, but my purpose in this place is not religious discussion. There will be ample opportunity for that, I gather, when I have written a novel or two.

But it is interesting to go back from this work to 'Orthodoxy.' This is apparently a far more solid production; it is larger, both more expensive and comprehensive, more ambitious. Yet not only is it not so successful in providing intellectual entertainment, not so exhilarating, as 'Orthodoxy,' it is also far less effective. It does not serve its author's purpose with anything like the same ease and despatch. If I wished to convert anybody to Mr. Chesterton's point of view, I should not hesitate to give him the earlier, the apparently slighter and wilder book. It goes without saying that this new book has some good things in it. Here is one of them:

The popular pictures of these primeval empires are not half so popular as they might be. There is shed over them the shadow of an exaggerated gloom, more than the normal and even healthy sadness of heathen men. It is part of the same sort of secret pessimism that loves to make primitive man a crawling creature, whose body is filth and whose soul is fear. It comes, of course, from the fact that men are moved most by their religion; especially when it is irreligion. For them anything primary and elemental must be evil. But it is the curious consequence that while we have been deluged with the wildest experiments in primitive romance, they have missed all the real romance of being primitive. They have described scenes that are wholly imaginary, in which the men of the Stone Age are men of stone like walking statues; in which the Assyrians or Egyptians are as stiff or as painted as their own most archaic art. But none of these makers of imaginary scenes have tried to imagine what it must really have been like to see those things as fresh which we see as familiar. They have not seen a man discovering fire like a child discovering fireworks. They have not seen a man playing with the wonderful invention called the wheel, like a boy playing at putting up a wireless station. They have never put the spirit of youth into their descriptions of the youth of the world.

All this is good sound Chesterton, the result of a man with a real imagination going where there have only been people with little or no imagination, the result of seeing things freshly. "To see those things as fresh which we see as familiar" has always been his aim and he has succeeded to our admiration.

Passages of this kind, however, are not easy to discover in this latest book. Considering its length, it provides us with extraordinarily few things we wish to take away or delightedly to read aloud to some other person in the room with us. There are far too many unnecessary words in the book—the result, perhaps, of the bad habit of dictation. It used to be the fashion to compare a book of Mr. Chesterton's to a firework display, but if, let us say, 'Orthodoxy' was a firework display, this new book is merely a colourless slow motion film of a firework display. And that is the trouble. We have no right to grumble if Mr. Chesterton has merely emerged from a brilliant and rather noisy youth into a more sedate middle-age, if he has merely mellowed and grown quieter. There are other, and equally valuable, ways of writing books apart from that employed in 'Heretics' and 'Orthodoxy' and 'Dickens.' But unfortunately Mr. Chesterton has not changed his manner. The firework display manner, as we may call it, is still there, only now the fireworks, or at least most of them, refuse to go off. The sparkle and life have died out of his style, leaving only the dead framework in some of these recent books. Had Mr. Chesterton adopted an entirely different method of approach to things, grappled with his subjects less exuberantly but more closely, achieved a quieter style, all would have been well; but he has remained faithful to this early manner of his that demands a certain sparkling freshness, exuberance, high spirits, in order to be kept up at all.

Meanwhile, having lost that freshness, the manner is a weariness and a burden, sometimes suggesting the almost hysterical bright prattle of a hostess who is worn out but is determined to keep her guests amused. There are many reasons why he should have lost that freshness, those high spirits. One is the mere passage of time. Another, possibly, is overwork. A third reason is concerned with his outlook and type of mind. He made an astonishingly brilliant and auspicious beginning, springing out on the world, as it were, fully armed; in his capacity as a wise innocent abroad he startled and delighted us by seeing "those things as fresh which we see as familiar"; his mixed brew of poetry, humour and philosophy was intoxicating. But he does not seem to have what Bagehot called "an experiencing nature." He developed rapidly and then stopped. The last twenty years seem to have added little or nothing to his mind; he appears to have spent his time outside experience, elaborating but seldom improving his old arguments; until there are times when he seems to us to exist no longer in this world at all, but simply in the world of his own opinions. He began, like Macaulay, fully equipped with a very personal, arresting and amusing style, one of those styles that are so dangerous to imitate. And there are moments now when we cannot help feeling that Mr. Chesterton himself, in spite of the fact that he still has gifts enough to equip two or three ordinary journalists or men of letters, furnishes us with one of the best proofs of the fact that it is a bad style to imitate.

## IL DUCE

*The Life of Benito Mussolini.* By Margherita G. Sarfatti. Thornton Butterworth. 15s. net.

MUSSOLINI is undoubtedly too great a man to be treated with indifference. People may have no opinion one way or another about M. Painlevé, and even about Herr Stresemann, but they are either frank critics or frank worshippers of "Il Duce." Signora



Sarfatti, who is on the staff of his former paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, and who has worked with him for many years, is very much of a worshipper. She says:

Impulsive and meditative, a realist and an idealist, perfervid and yet wise, a romantic in his aspirations, but a classic in his handling of practical affairs, Mussolini has a groundwork of consistency in him underlying all these seeming incompatibilities. This, above all, may be confidently said of him—he is a man of courage. He loves danger. The very idea of cowardice revolts him . . . This also may be added. He is a man of energy and a true Italian.

It is to be hoped, however, that the potential reader will not be put off by the many paragraphs of this nature, for this official biography, with its preface by Mussolini himself, is interesting and enlightening. Even as a boy "Il Duce" seems to have been fairly aggressive. For example, when a bigger boy hit him and his father encouraged him to stand up for himself,

Young Benito . . . found a bigish stone, which he sharpened carefully . . . and he hit his foe on the head with the stone once, twice, thrice! . . . Even now Mussolini smiles with a certain pleasure and pride when his thoughts go back to that day.

Such behaviour may seem strange in a country where boys are taught to fight with their fists, but a great deal about the life of Mussolini is strange. One would, perhaps, not have realized that throughout his life he has been:

Moved by the instinct, strongest in the strong, for protecting all that needs protection, plants, animals, children, women—above all, women. It is this instinct . . . that has lain at the basis of all the great orders of chivalry known to history down to the latest of them—Fascism.

Signora Sarfatti gives us any number of anecdotes of Mussolini's past, but unfortunately one does not know how far one can trust to her accuracy. In one place she declares that Mussolini, when he was living at Lausanne, used to "go by train to Geneva, arriving there in a few minutes," whereas the fastest train takes an hour. In another she tells us that, coming from Annemasse to Geneva, "he had tramped the whole way over the mountains—between fifteen and twenty miles." Annemasse is, in fact, less than half that distance from Geneva, and the road is the whole way almost as flat as are the roads of Essex. These are minor inaccuracies, but they shake one's confidence in Signora Sarfatti, and this confidence dwindles almost to nothing when we find that in her story of the growth of Fascismo she makes not one single mention of the campaign of terrorism by which Fascismo came into power. We do not discuss here the rights or wrongs of this campaign; but it is absurd to pass it over unmentioned and it is even more than absurd to suggest that any resistance to the Fascist march on Rome in October, 1922, was made by the inhabitants of the quarter of San Lorenzo. By the time Fascismo was strong enough to capture the capital the few Communists of San Lorenzo and other parts of Rome who had not left the country, hid quietly at home until bands of Fascisti routed them out and assaulted them. Of the incidents in San Lorenzo the present writer was an eye-witness, and although in a moment of crisis excesses are inevitable and to some extent excusable, it is inexcusable to pretend that no excesses occurred.

Despite this lack of accuracy and impartiality, Signora Sarfatti succeeds in conveying something of Mussolini's personality and immense will power. We understand the devotion of his followers. We respect him for having the courage of his convictions—which have been mainly responsible for his eleven sojourns in prison—and we can only regret that so great a man and so ardent a patriot should have deemed it necessary to use castor oil and cudgels as the means of achieving his aims. He has, as this book shows, read so much and seen so much since he began work as a village blacksmith that he should know you cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

The proofs have not been very carefully read. Labriole, for example, should be Labriola, Airole should be Airolo, and there are mistakes in several of

the Italian quotations. Nevertheless, Mr. Frederic Whyte deserves a very special word of praise for his translation. The book is throughout bright and readable, whereas in the original Italian there are pages of woolly and rather incoherent matter which would be nonsensical if translated. Mr. Whyte has done wisely to "condense somewhat freely," as he so tactfully expresses it.

#### THEIR MR. MENCKEN

*Prejudices—Fourth Series.* By H. L. Mencken. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

IF the English devoted to American affairs a fraction of the attention which the Americans pay to ours, the name of Mencken would not raise a questioning eye-brow as it does at present. Mr. Cape assiduously continues to canalize into English bookshelves the roaring torrent of Menckanism, and it is to be hoped that this feat of literary engineering will not be found too expensive or too exhausting. Since novels travel faster than essays the average English reader has probably discovered by now who Mr. Sinclair Lewis is, and from that discovery there is arising some knowledge in this country of the steady and spreading American revolt against "Americanism." With Americanism go Babbitt, Constockery and the Ku Klux Kristianity which applies the methods of the race gang to enforce the appalling tyranny of post-Puritan morals. Mr. Mencken is in the foreground of the battle for civilization which is being fought against the obscurantism of Tennessee and against the vexatious interference in all matters intellectual and social that is carried on by the Rotarians, uplifters, forward-lookers and viewers-with-alarm. Since this kind of thing is unfortunately growing in our own country it is well to remember that Mr. Mencken's lusty warfare is being waged to some extent on our behalf, as well as for the relief of beleaguered sanity on his own side of the Atlantic.

This fiery champion of freedom lives in Maryland, his family home, and no doubt he finds the air congenial. For in Maryland there is still a flow of liberal ideas. The chief newspaper of Baltimore, *The Sun*, is brave enough to print what Mr. Mencken writes. It is true that the Secretary of the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce recently implored the proprietors of *The Sun* to remove this vessel of wrath from their premises, since it was held that the hammer of Tennessee was turning away from Baltimore a whole army of traders from the south. Fortunately *The Sun* refused to darken counsel and Mr. Mencken goes on banging what heads he chooses. He is also the editor of the *American Mercury*, a monthly review whose main purpose is to administer bastinado to the stout and greasy hide of the hundred per cent. American. That he has been able to raise the circulation of a 2s. review which is fighting on the unpopular side to the level of 60,000 is a striking tribute to the growing power of Menckanism.

In this volume Mr. Mencken is to be found in typical form and typical fury. He frequently spoils a good case by the ferocity of his over-statement. Consistency is not his strong point. For instance, on pages 27 to 28 he may be found denouncing the Anglo-Saxon as an essentially inferior man touching nothing which he does not spoil. But in a fit of candour he is to be found on page 280 admitting that "England produced Shakespeare and founded the literature that is not surpassed in history." But after all, consistency is not the leader of the literary virtues. Ability to forge the mental weapon and strike the mental blow are considerably more important, and it is the very irritability which makes Mr. Mencken splutter occasionally in a contradictory way that also gives point and passion to all products of his vigorous mind. It is true that this animal is very fierce and would probably start to defend itself before anyone had even dreamed of beginning to

attack it. But it is no use dismissing Mr. Mencken as a mere specialist in the higher slap-stick. His essays are America's parallel to Bernard Shaw's dramatic prefaces, and he possesses the darting mind and the driving prose that made Mr. Shaw the most effective pamphleteer since Swift. Mr. Mencken is not quite in this class, possibly because he habitually overworks himself and an overworked author usually takes it out of the dog by overworking his pet ideas. But for those who enjoy a slashing and stinging attack, nothing can be more enjoyable or more bracing than several of the essays in this volume. To show the way in which the effusively patriotic Americanism of to-day has been reduced to an utter travesty of the genuine American tradition is an exercise in which he is a perfect performer; and as a piece of sustained invective, his essay on an American farmer, that hero of the social scene, is superb. It tears every rag and shred of silent nobility from the back of the much-praised husbandman and reveals the form below as the oafish child of greed, cunning, and hypocrisy.

### THE LONDON SCENE

*The London Perambulator.* By James Bone. Illustrated with drawings by Muirhead Bone. Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

FEW people could claim to have read all or nearly all the books on London, and it would therefore be extremely rash to declare this to be the best book of its kind; but the probabilities point strongly in that direction. To appreciate the text one must be in tune with its mood of adoration, and, like the author, one must bring to the savouring of the London streets a reverent mind, and a taste for odd corners, fancy dress, and the old traditional London lore. An interesting point about this book is that it shows two men, brothers in blood and brothers also in their love of London, expressing their praise not only in different mediums, but also in different temperament. To enjoy the art of the illustrator it is enough to care for draughtsmanship, since Mr. Muirhead Bone is less subjective in his method than his brother. He states the case for London, particularly for Wren's London, in terms of resolute realism and of exquisitely controlled detail. "There," he seems to say, "is the City seen from the Strand; there it is, every line of it; climb to any roof-top on a fine day and this is your possession. It needs no praise of mine. I don't impose my personality upon the view. I merely reveal."

His brother is a less austere, less reticent lover of London. His prose, like his apprehension, runs to impressionism. To him the "London particular" fog is not a bit of filth to be swallowed, but a spectacle with goblin possibilities in which policemen have added grandeur. He is an incurable backward-looker, preferring an incompetent tea-shop to an efficient one, for the reason that it has something domestic and Victorian about its air. He likes to have his shops at least 200 years old, which is rather hard on the young people who are setting out in business at a particularly difficult time, and he enjoys any kind of ritual, ceremonial, and uniform. The curios and antiques of street life can never have been more zealously explored, more sensitively tasted, and more richly described.

The foreigner, who should happen to see this book before coming to London, may be warned that Mr. Bone has taken the cream and forgotten the milk. Mr. C. E. Montague recently wrote a book of topographical essays with his usual brilliance of phrase and intense powers of enjoyment. He called it 'The Right Place,' and he left the reader with the feeling that there could, after all, be no wrong place. For Mr. James Bone London seems rarely able to go wrong. He touches Sinister Street in a vivid excursion 'North o' Euston,' but he keeps on the whole to central joys. Of his dauntless London pride the praise

of fog is a good example. To the realist the London fog is an accumulation of dirt, which either kills off or seriously weakens a number of ailing people. It also means that those who do not live over their work must spend two hours in suburban trains where they normally spend twenty minutes. In short, fog is a wanton creator of death, disease and discomfort. "I have never lost my taste for a London fog," says Mr. Bone, on the ground that it brings him some new perspectives and the thrill of seeing torches in the streets as in the 18th century. For my own part, I like in fog-time to think of the 21st century, when men will have abolished the smoke nuisance which mainly engenders this clammy horror.

And so with our climate. To read Mr. Bone's 'London Calendar,' you would think that London (rain apart) is a place of delicate and radiant air. But its climate, like that of England, is in fact dictated to it by the moist west wind, that unwearied procreator of rheumatism and catarrh. As a result, the normal London weather is a muggy heat in summer and a damp chilliness in winter. Mr. Bone is unable to discover a typical Londoner, and no doubt he is right to be agnostic in this matter, but I could give him an essential predicate of the Londoner, namely, a pretty constant cough and a cold in the head. Mr. Bone further claims that London heat is temperate, but during this summer I met a friend on leave from Singapore, where the thermometer goes far higher than it does here, and he said that he had never suffered from Malayan sunshine as he had from the stagnant oppression of the airless London streets.

But these are minor quarrels, a mere petulance of the realist who knows that the romantic is winning the day; and winning it with knowledge to back his raptures. On their own ground of loyalty to London's heart the brothers Bone are unbeatable. There is the right word and the right line for every grace and glory of their mistress. Architectural research, and not sentiment merely, is the base of architectural enthusiasm. The book is dedicated to 'The Isle of Portland, the matrix of London's grandeur,' and the essay on the virtues of Portland stone, which has been the 'London particular' of building material since Wren made the inspired choice, is the only thing of its kind that has been done. It has now been done too well to be bettered, and the past encomiasts of London will be ashamed and surprised to discover what a subject they have missed in this chief begetter of London's radiance under sunshine. It is plain that the author and illustrator will have to perambulate again. I should like to hear them occasionally in a blasphemous mood, confronting the London that is four times too large, an over-grown lout breaking out of its squalid sleeves to lay rough, greedy hands upon the pretty hillocks of the Home Counties. Mr. Cape, most tasteful of our publishers, has published this book worthily, which is to say admirably. I do not care for the trick of printing the whole first line of a chapter in capitals, but the typography is otherwise excellent; as is the reproduction of the pictures. Mr. Cape has also set a model to his rivals in the fiscal matter. Library shelves are now packed with cumbrous volumes, often scantily illustrated and badly printed, at a cost of a guinea or more. With the aid of the brothers Bone he has here provided the right gift book for the man of discernment and also for the man who has just paid his income-tax. I. B.

### ART AND EPIGRAM

*The Whole Story.* By Elizabeth Bibesco. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

PRINCESS BIBESCO'S stories suffer from comparison and competition, comparison and competition not so much with the work of others—for she is a writer of strong individuality—as with her own. She loads every rift with ore; she is for ever emulating and



excelling herself. An author of less talent and with an easier artistic conscience could make a fine thing of a few of her epigrams, judiciously spaced and led up to. But she sows with the sack and by her very liberality often takes the shine off her own brilliance. We grow to expect it and cease to do it justice because there is so much of it. Occasionally, too, the appeal of her word-arabesques is addressed to the intellect alone; they wear the garb of wit, but essentially they are not witty; they are profound or paradoxical, or, at worst, merely ingenious: conceits. She glories in expression for its own sake and cares little if, from being so often its master, she sometimes becomes its slave.

Princess Bibesco's earlier books were mainly occupied with one topic, love. Love that co-existed with much unhappiness and emotional unrest; not an aspect of love, but the most difficult of all themes, love itself. The characters are almost inconceivable except as being in love. In her new volume she has extended her boundaries with marked success. The 'La Peronnière Letters' and 'Red Hair' show what she can do with subjects from which love is absent or to which it is incidental. These stories are full of shrewdness and penetration. They have an admirably firm outline and their objectivity suggests that the range of her subject-matter is unlimited if she chooses to call upon it. And it is significant that the sligher sketches, those that recall her earlier work, are executed brilliantly but perfunctorily, as if her muse was tired of following the line of least resistance. They are full of good things, but their individuality is marked by a haze of emotionalism, their fine distinctions and discriminations lose force through being too metaphorical and too intellectual. They display only fitfully and wilfully traces of that secure and formidable talent which created 'Third Persons,' 'Red Hair,' and the 'La Peronnière Letters.' Formidable, because in them Princess Bibesco portrays Achille and Susan and Linda with a terrifying impartiality, neither excusing nor forgiving nor condemning. Suddenly we see, what before we only saw darkly, how far her vision extends beyond those exquisitely caught moments in which the devotee of happiness reproaches love for not giving what, thus importuned, it cannot give. We hope she will lose no time in exploring these new provinces.

### GOOD COMPANY

*My Permitted Say.* By Basil Macdonald Hastings. Philpot. 6s. net.

MR. HASTINGS assumes permission and, before a dozen pages have been turned, we grant it. He is good company, radiating a catholic enjoyment. He is none of your bellowers after nut-brown ale who think it an Englishman's duty to throw the cocktail out of the window. He will hold fast that which is good, however outlandishly compounded and barbarously named. Of course he makes mistakes in his menu, the veto on trout being as infamous as his praise of the baked potato. But a man who will cry up adiposity as a complement by a process of addition to God's creation must presumably stuff himself with coarse and starchy roots to give him the bulk and body of his praise and the basis of his curious theology. But then he turns to braised onions, herrings, cheese, and again his "say" has discretion's permit to continue.

This book, however, is not to be taken as a mere bill of fare. Mr. Hastings's mind drips fatness over street and field. Sensibility comes in as sense's company and he can appeal to compassion and a social indignation by his description of the factory-girls' holiday on rain-swept promenades, on which no civic power has thought fit to erect shelters though it would spend hundreds on celebrating the gift of "a freedom" to a nobody. Our essayist, in short, is not so obsessed by his tendency to cry welcome to God's creatures as to forget the emptiness of other men's bellies or the

"looped and windowed raggedness" of the unhousted. The probing, analytical writer will never win as much favour by his journalism as the man of surface gaiety and clamorous accord. Mr. Hastings sticks to the surfaces and can achieve some glissades in the facetious style, but an aquatint of the eighteen-twenties will set him musing in a vein of more considerable fancy and there is a little flight of imagination set stirring by a pair of dancing shoes seen among second-hand "junk" that bespeaks a mind of quality. For such a delicate piece of writing as this one is willing to forgive Mr. Hastings for his abominable spuds and a certain tiresome iteration about ale in blue china mugs. In any case, be he jubilant or luminant, he never fails to be good company; the gaiety prevails in quantity and the reflective mood has quality when it can make itself heard among the clatter of knife and fork and the clink of cannakin.

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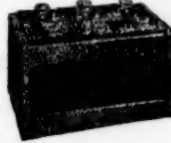
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## NEW FICTION

*Cuckoo.* By Douglas Goldring. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

*Oxford and Margaret.* By Jean Fayard. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Spite of Heaven.* By Oliver Onions. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

*Portrait of a Man with Red Hair.* By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

**M**R. DOUGLAS GOLDRING has a maliciously observant eye, much vivacity, considerable comic resource; but he is a victim of the delusion that manner can be developed without reference to the matter in hand. His manner here would have well suited a sentimental comedy, in which such characters as he has invented were involved in cross-flirtations. But mere flirtation will not suffice this writer; his couples must be hastened to their pre-nuptial couches. It will not do. The objection proceeds not from the moralist, but from anyone who has grasped the truth that the manner of comedy pre-supposes the matter of comedy, that the point of view of the drawing-room cannot be maintained in the farm-yard. But for this defect, which, however, is felt in every chapter, Mr. Goldring has done well. His picture of the English colony at San Bartolomeo, on the Italian Riviera, has many happy strokes, and not a few of his people, in their moments of freedom from sexual obsession, are pleasant company. There is some ingenuity, too, in their grouping, and a not too improbable poetic justice in the final punishment of that cold-blooded mental profligate, Morwena Crowley, who, having demanded without giving, is herself conquered by the yet more egotistical George Burnham.

Mr. Louis Golding, who has translated M. Fayard's story of Oxford life, introduces it somewhat ambiguously. We must assume that he feels for it a genuine admiration, since his version has been done with a success to which no one attains except in a labour of love, and we should have been glad to have his reasons for that admiration. No one will deny the book some audacity, some grace in execution. But is M. Fayard quite sure of his aim? There are suggestions that the thing is intended as a "rag," as, perhaps, a Parisian equivalent to Mr. Max Beerbohm's 'Zuleika Dobson.' But it does not in fact possess the singleness of purpose required for that form, and there are moments when we seem to be invited rather to the quieter entertainment of watching a young French mind moved to wonder by the Oxford environment and the British code of morality. Then there is Margaret, sometimes almost shutting out the view of Oxford. It is a feat to have got so much feminine interest into a story of University life. Yet our happiness in that very English creature remains but moderate until, solacing herself for the failure of her many matrimonial efforts, she is about to marry the aged Professor, and her former French admirer addresses to her a barely printable inquiry. Is she sure that the Professor . . . ? She is; naturally, she explains, she wanted to know—more than anyone in Oxford. But that, says the young Frenchman, would not be much. And perhaps it is not much to have turned our occasional chuckles into irresistible ribald laughter on the last page of the book. Yet, unable to speak very certainly of the book as a whole, we will record its shameless triumph over our gravity at its very end.

Outward differences can conceal inner likenesses very effectually from most people, and we do not expect to see it very generally realized how nearly, in one respect, Mr. Oliver Onions has come to the work of Henry James. With material quite his own, and

with a style that is never imitative, he has created here that serious atmosphere of which James had the secret. To call it an atmosphere of expectancy would be inadequate. We feel in it, not merely that things are about to happen, but that there is going on, secretly, while we await mere event, a subtle interaction between character and character. In this book by Mr. Onions, and almost from the beginning, we have the feeling that the lives of Rodney, who tells the story, and of Courtney Ardriss, the brother novelist whom till the story opens he has never met, are destined to be peculiarly bound together; and in the pages that follow the indefinable interplay of these two personalities is suggested with very remarkable skill. Unfortunately, Mr. Onions suffers from distrust of his rare gift. It is not enough for him that he can give us the sense of a presiding fate; he must needs, without any of Mr. Hardy's justification, bring in the vaguely personified arbiters of human life. And, instead of being content with his success in suggesting the imaginative influence of Courtney Ardriss on Rodney, he must needs set Rodney dreaming of Ardriss and hint that Ardriss has some kind of psychic power. But these incidental and half-hearted concessions to an incredulity which no competent reader will ever entertain do not appreciably spoil the effect. Nor need we make much deduction from the praise the book as a whole is entitled to receive because an element of melodrama enters into the conclusion. The story of Rodney drawn, inevitably, into the Ardriss circle, made aware of the relations between Rossi and Mrs. Ardriss and of the folly of Ardriss in parading Nesta Eustace as if she were his mistress, is extraordinarily well told. And yet it is not for the story that one reads most eagerly on; rather for the development of the relationship between Rodney and Ardriss, and for the suggestion that they, and so many of the other people of the book, are suffering, consciously or unconsciously, in the service of an obscure and exacting task-mistress:

Strange worship of beauty and truth, that we should all kneel thus together, but with hands in one another's pockets, like thieves in a church each filching the other's spurious coin for her oblation!

Mr. Onions might have established a yet greater claim on our gratitude if he had been more confident and less anxious to give his novel a variety of appeal; but even as it is he has earned applause.

Mr. Walpole, with a much simpler task than Mr. Onions's, exhibits even more distrust of himself. He wobbles between the intention of showing us his unawakened American hero being brought into relation with life and the intention of writing a "shocker" pure and simple. But the red-headed man is as gruesome a creation as we have lately encountered in fiction, and when his sadist frenzy is allowed scope we experience a genuine shudder. Only, if Mr. Walpole must take this kind of holiday from his customary country of the mind, he should leave all scruples behind him, and plunge forward boldly, without preface and without any pretence that if sheer horror is not to the reader's taste there is compensation in the form of psychology.

*More Things that Matter.* By Lord Riddell. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is certainly not hunger that can have compelled Lord Riddell to reprint these pleasant little articles, but he tells us that it was Pope's other *vera causa*—"request of friends." It is easy to understand that many business girls and men who have beguiled their half-hours in the Tube with these innocent essays in culture may have wished to have them in what the author hopefully calls a "more permanent form." Lord Riddell does not unduly tax his reader's power of attention, but provides a great deal of interesting information on literary and other subjects. We specially like his word in favour of Spedding's life of Bacon—"Notwithstanding its length, it has many merits."

SHORTER NOTICES

*Restoring Shakespeare.* By Leon Kellner. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book we can heartily commend to all students of the text of Shakespeare. It is entirely in the tradition of scholarship, and marks the stage at which it has arrived. The numerous faults in the text, arising naturally from the fact that the author of plays surrendered all property in them to the company which produced them, and only sold them to the printer when they had gone out of fashion, so that no correction of proofs was likely, are no longer corrected by ingenious guesses. Behind Elizabethan printing lay Elizabethan writing, and Prof. Kellner has for many years been studying the mistakes likely to arise by misreading one letter or group of letters for another. The method of arranging his results under possible misreadings is excellent, and his thirty-four plates of examples most useful, though he should have given a transcription of the letters. As to the actual results obtained, 265 corrections of the text, we are more doubtful. The first thing is to know when the text is corrupt, and no Englishman would think for a moment that "speak sad brow and true maid" was a corruption for "brave" or "the port of Mars" for "part," i.e., rôle. You have to feel these things in your bones. It is like the professor who proposed an emendation to Horace, excellent, obvious—but it would not scan. Again, and in spite of this, the book is a first-class contribution to Shakespeare studies and must be seriously considered.

*Il Novellino: the Hundred Old Tales.* Translated by E. Storer. Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.

THE latest volume of 'The Broadway Translations' is one of those collections of stories and quips which were got together towards the end of the Middle Ages and grew into popular favour. A good deal has been written about its origin by enthusiastic Italian scholars, ably summarized by Mr. Storer, but the truth is that the author's part in such a collection is very small: the stories have passed from mouth to mouth often enough before they were written down to ensure the simple directness which is their charm. Mr. Storer's translation preserves this, and though he adds nothing of his own to the discussion of the sources—he does not even know, or at least say, that the story of May and December was used by Chaucer and Dryden—we must be grateful to him for this crowning excellence. In his case *traduttore* is not *traditore*.

*British Drama.* By Allardyce Nicoll. Harrap. 12s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR NICOLL'S work upon the history of the British stage is distinguished from the usual academic treatise by his ability to get away from the conventional platitudes of the "literature class" and to see the English drama as a thing made by many hands for the enjoyment of the many. He can view a play in terms of the play-house and his interest in drama is attached to the literal interpretation of that word "a thing done." He is critic as well as historian, and sums up modern tendencies in a concise and useful way. A significant element of his book is to be found in the illustrations which are not the usual formal portraits of dramatists, but are a series of reproductions of stage-architecture and stage-decoration. It is nice to be spared another glimpse of the pudding-faced Droeshout Shakespeare and shown instead the Bankside and the Swan. Text and pictures alike continue the story from Inigo Jones to Gordon Craig, and even reach as far as the "bio-mechanical" contraptions of the "expressionist" drama.

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*British Flora.* By Gaston Bonnier. Translated and adapted from the French by E. Mellor. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

PEOPLE sometimes expatiate on the orderliness of nature, but if there is order at all it is not of a kind that can be successfully reduced to tabular form for the edification of the public. That is the fallacy which underlies the present work—its delightfully logical system is inevitably more simple and logical than Nature herself, and therefore will not fit. The identification of a great many of our plants is not and cannot be a simple matter, or even, so far as the novice is concerned, a possibility, and the reason is not that the existing works are inadequate, but that Nature has a way of making species often very much alike. That difficulty is not overcome by devising ingenious systems for the guidance of the inexperienced.

It is a pity that Professor Bonnier's work, which Miss Mellor has adapted to the flora of the British Isles with, on the whole, admirable judgment and thoroughness, should suffer from this inherent weakness of trying to remedy the defect of Nature in not making the characters of the various species sufficiently distinct, for its value as a plain flora is by this arrangement lessened. But so long as it is remembered that the system will be powerless against the abnormal or the really complicated diagnosis, 'British Flora' will be found an accurate, up-to-date, and uncommonly complete handbook for the unscientific flower-lover.

*Marriage à la Mode.* By Arthur S. May. Castle. 15s. net.

MR. MAY is a Surrogate in Doctors' Commons—a description which we fear will not convey any very clear notion to the average reader. It is enough to say that he boasts of having "had to do with more marriages than any one ever had before or will again," but of course only in an official capacity. Both from his personal experience and his reading in old registers he produces many entertaining anecdotes. He begins with the Fleet parsons—some of whom must have run him close in quantity—and the Gretna blacksmith, who it seems never really existed. He ends with the Doctors' Commons of to-day, still the home of unexpected romance. "A young friend of mine," says Mr. May, "came once for a licence, and when he recovered from the unexpected shock of meeting me there, begged me to say nothing to his father; the next day the father arrived on a similar errand for himself, and begged me on no account to tell his son." Mr. May has a pleasant dry humour and has written an amusing as well as a learned book.

*A Shorter Boswell.* By John Bailey. Nelson. 2s. net.

IF Boswell has to be abridged for the hasty modern reader, the task could not be better done than Mr. Bailey has done it. He has selected 195 extracts, long and short, from the greatest of all biographies, and presented them without alteration or connective tissue. It is needless to say that they are chosen with admirable taste, or that Mr. Bailey's brief introductory essay is a masterly piece of criticism.

*The Mayfair Calendar.* By Horace Wyndham. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

MR. WYNDHAM is rightly severe on newspapers which hash up the unsavoury details of divorce cases and on journalists who write "journalise." There is no harm, however, it would appear, in seasoning a piece of book-making with cases like those of Lord Colin Campbell and Lady Mordaunt. And it is quite elegant to describe a housemaid who has disproved a charge of immorality as having "disposed triumphantly of the alleged blot on her 'scutcheon.'"

## ACROSTICS

### PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

#### RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 190.

TWO FAMOUS CITIES OF THE LAND OF SCOTT.

1. Not meek as Moses, but in temper hot.
2. Of sentiments confined, illiberal views.
3. That 'little worms' it means to you is news?
4. Practised by Greed in country and in town.
5. Of me and of my Friends wrote Dr. Brown.
6. Now half a French confection you require.
7. Exists in swarms in every British shire.
8. Unlike the snake, I leave a slimy trail.
9. 'Gainst tiniest foes it may not much avail.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 188.

NO MODERNS THESE: ONE LIVED BEFORE THE FLOOD;  
THE OTHER—WAS HE BORN OF FLESH AND BLOOD?

1. Ha! ha! cried his horse. (See 'The Bible in Spain'.)
2. May you never suffer this torturing pain!
3. Required by many who servants engage.
4. So term we some verse of the earliest age.
5. A criminal now please behead and curtail.
6. This town you will find in a grassy Swiss vale.
7. Four syllables truly, though one would suffice.
8. Discoloured, like flesh that's been pinched in a vice.
9. Was not a defect of the Prodigal Son.
10. Attests that your tea-spoons and forks are A1.

#### Solution of Acrostic No. 188.

M	osle	M <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> George Borrow: 'The Bible in Spain,'
E	ar-ach	E	chap lvi.
T	estimonia	L	"The Moslem rider stood up in his
H	omeri	C	saddle. How did he stand? Truly
U	lpr	It	he stood on his head, and these eyes
S	chwz	Z	saw him; he stood on his head in
E	xpectorat	E	the saddle as he passed the Frank
L	ivi	D	rider; and he cried, Ha! ha! as he
A	varic	E	passed the Frank rider; and the
H	all-mar	K	Moslem horse cried, Ha! ha! as
			he passed the Frank breed, and the
			Frank lost by a far distance."

ACROSTIC No. 188.—The winner is Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich, S.E., who has selected as her prize 'Types and Characters: A Kaleidoscope,' by Walter Sichel, published by Hutchinson and reviewed in our columns on October 10. Thirty other competitors chose this book, 14 named 'Two Vagabonds in Languedoc,' 'The Comic Muse,' 'Samuel Kelly,' 'Agate's Folly,' and 'Inland Far,' each received about 6 votes.

ALSO CORRECT:—Stucco, Katharine, Jop, Vron, N. O. Sellam, Jorum, Martha, Rho Kappa, W. E. Groves, Carlton, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, J. Chambers, Miss Carter, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, R. W. Haig, A. M. W. Maxwell, Baitho, and Trike.

ONE LIGHT WRONG:—Sisyphus, Zero, Plumbago, G. M. Fowler, C. H. Burton, Dolmar, L. M. Maxwell, Reginald Eccles, Hanworth, Owl, St. Ives, Gunton, Mrs. J. Butler, Still Waters, Pussy, Met, R. Ransom, Margaret, C. J. Warden, Barberry, J. Doman Turner, Baldersby, M. Story, Madge, Zoozoo, East Sheen, John Lennie, Jeff, Lt.-Col. Sir Wolseley Haig, Ruth Bevan, Tyro, M. B., Twyford, Armadale, Peter, C. A. S., Stanfield, Lillian, and G. W. Miller.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—Glamis, Lar, Beechworth, Zyk, M. A. S. McFarlane, Chas. Watson, H. M. Vaughan, Ceyx, Boskerris, Iago, Miss V. Versturme-Bunbury, Miss Kelly, Oakapple, F. M. Petty, J. Sutton, Lady Mottram, and A. de V. Blathwayt. All others more.

I have to apologize for a very stupid blunder in omitting the H from MELCHIZEDEK. Such an oversight shall not occur again. I shall adopt a competitor's suggestion, and not let this acrostic count in the Quarterly Competition. (He is not himself "in the running" for it, so that his proposal is disinterested.)

ACROSTIC No. 187.—Correct: G. M. Fowler. One light wrong: Cameron, Boskerris.





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## MOTORING

## NEW COACHWORK DESIGN

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

IT is only after the annual motor exhibition at Olympia that the student of progress in motoring can form some idea of the advance made in the industry itself and see to what extent the public are catered for in regard to improvements. People who visited the motor show—an average of twenty-five thousand paying for admission each day—may have seen all the novelties which were displayed to induce them to spend money in purchasing new cars, but the crowded state of the important stands somewhat dwarfed their view in comparing the value of the various exhibits. Also, with so many motors, all in outward appearance alike except for the colour they happened to be painted, it was difficult to grasp the distinguishing details. Yet one could not help noticing that a large measure of improvement had taken place in regard to the coachwork. The mechanical features of the chassis are now accepted as so trustworthy that it mattered little which manufacturer's goods visitors fancied. Their choice, therefore, was biased by the superstructure more than by the mechanism. In this regard they had three distinct types of coachwork from which to choose—the purpose-made carriage that was built by the coachbuilding trade to the requirements of the individual, the metal-panelled stock designs of the multiple production body builder, and the light fabric-covered framework carriage of the Weymann type. The latter derives its name from the French coachbuilder who first substituted in 1922 a woven fabric to take the place of wooden or metal panels for the shell of the superstructure on the chassis.

As far as the purpose-made coachwork is concerned the general public are not much interested as its cost is beyond their means. Yet in these days, when it is said that eighty per cent. of the cars sold during the motor exhibition were bought on terms of deferred payment, it seems that the sound economist would be wise to pay a little more for a chassis carrying a purpose-made body in order to suit it to his personal requirements, and a carriage that would give satisfaction for a longer term of years than a factory produced article. With few exceptions the coachbuilder builds his bodies to last a generation, and not only for a year or two as in the case of the multiple-production variety which creak, rattle and look shabby in a short time. Also, when deferred payments are the terms of purchase, the buyer needs something that he can be satisfied with for a long period after he has completed paying for the vehicle, otherwise he has to start in debt all over again in order to change the car for another. Better provision for the comfort of passengers marked the improvement in the designs of the coachbuilders. The enclosed or semi-enclosed type of carriage cost less this year than formerly, yet provided better accommodation. With so many owners of carriages favouring a type of car that they can drive themselves or be driven in, the number of designs permitting the carriages to be converted into an enclosed owner-driven saloon or a limousine-landaulette, by lowering or raising a glass partition behind the front seats, was a noticeable feature of decided advantage in the purpose-made carriage.

## CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

WHENEVER the franc exhibits a weakening tendency, the French Government threatens exchange speculators with the full force of the Morgan Credits, but it is doubtful if this is now even potentially a powerful weapon. A mild flight from the franc has carried it down to 110, and a good deal of nervousness is felt, not without cause. The Washington Conference has only postponed, not solved, the problem of external indebtedness. The 4% Gold Loan has been a failure. The total revenue collections for the first nine months to September are less than 20 milliards, while the estimated revenue for the year is 32 milliards. Nine milliards of short-term indebtedness falls due in December. A further fall in the franc seems probable, but a *débâcle* is not to be expected, for the problem is not insoluble. Drastic measures appear inevitable. The Socialists propose a capital levy, to which M. Caillaux has always said that he is opposed, but perhaps another name will be found for it under the guise of contributions. Some attempt will probably be made to consolidate the short-term indebtedness by inducing holders to convert into longer-dated loans at a lower rate of interest. Much will depend on whether M. Caillaux can survive the reassembly of the Chambers in the early days of next month. At present his proposals seem to go too far for the Right, and to be not far-reaching enough to satisfy the Left.

## TIN

An outstanding feature of late has been the increased activity in tin mining shares, based on the improved price of the metal. I give this week particulars of three tin shares, two in Nigeria and one in Malay, all of which I recommend.

## EX-LANDS OF NIGERIA, LIMITED

There has been considerable activity in the 2s. shares of Ex-Lands Nigeria, Limited, this week. It is only natural that this Company, which has paid dividends ranging from 17½% to 25% for the past three years (1922-1924), when the price of tin averaged no more than £249 per ton, should attract greatly increased attention, seeing that the average price of the metal for the first three-quarters of the current financial year has been £256, and that the quotation now is substantially in excess of £270. Moreover, the Board decided recently to instal immediately power plant and modern appliances instead of the present comparatively primitive methods of production, the result being that the management estimates that the monthly output will shortly amount to 80 tons of tin concentrates, which compares with an average of 36 tons during the years 1922-1924 and an average of 29 tons for the first nine months of 1925. In these circumstances, I consider these shares quite a good tin investment at the present price of 5s. 3d.

## BISICHI

The issued capital of the Bisichi tin shares is £376,039 in 10s. shares. The Company was registered in 1910 to acquire tin mining rights over an area of 2,520 acres in the Bisichi Valley, Bauchi Province, Northern Nigeria, and in 1920 acquired the interests of the Formu River Nigeria Tin Co., Ltd., Ninghi Nigeria Tin Co., Ltd., and Northern Nigeria Trust, Ltd. The amalgamated properties now comprise min-

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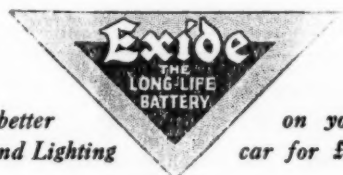


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ing leases over 9,303 acres, mining rights over 12,386 yards, and exclusive prospecting licences over 9.73 square miles. Estimated reserves at December 31, 1924, were 9,009 tons concentrates, averaging 71% metallic tin, and large areas still unproved are known to contain deposits of tin.

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and the assay values were 71.31% and 71.17% respectively. With tin at its present price of £275, the price realized should be approximately £195 per ton of concentrates, and after allowing for the "all-in" costs of £112 per ton, leave a profit of £80 per ton. The low returns up to date this year are due to the partial failure of this season's rains, but the future production of the Company is expected to show large monthly increases as soon as the new suction cutter dredge is in full working order.

This dredge, which is of the latest design, and is capable of dealing with 60,000 cubic yards per month, is now almost completed, and a cable announcing that it has started operations is expected any day. The cost, £20,000, is being defrayed out of the cash resources of the Company. The combined operations of the Company, including the new dredge, should result in an output of 100 tons a month, and working cost should, if anything, show a reduction on a larger output. The present price of these shares is 12s. 6d. If the suction dredge operates as expected, the price should rise to well over 15s. If it proves disappointing, I see no reason why the shares should not receive at least a dividend of 10%, which does not make them greatly over-valued at the present price.

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My attention has been drawn to the 5s. shares of Pari Tin, Ltd. The issued capital of the Company is £25,000 in 5s. shares. The property comprises 257 acres, situated near Ipoh Perak, F.M.S. The method of working is by hydraulicing. For the year ending June 30, 61½ tons of tin were produced of an average value of £143 per ton, at an average cost of £54 per ton, resulting in a profit of £5,454. For 1924-5 four interim dividends of 5% each have been paid, making 20% for the year. The Company holds investments at cost amounting to £12,274; these include 42,500 \$1 shares in the Sunger Hay Dredge, Ltd. The present price of Pari Tin shares is 8s. 9d., and I think them attractive.

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The report of the New Modderfontein Gold Mining Company makes extremely interesting reading. The issued capital of the Company is £1,400,000, while the profits for the year to June, 1925, were £1,997,970. The Company is one of the greatest of the producing mines of the Transvaal. Since milling operations began in 1895, 6,957,168 ounces of fine gold have been produced, valued at £31,246,432. The shareholders have received £12,753,750 in dividends, the last distribution being at the rate of 110%, as against 100% for the two previous years. Ore reserves total 9,090,100 tons, or sufficient for about five years ahead. A feature of the report is the statement that the decreased price of gold has been met by a higher yield per ton milled. This has been obtained, not by over-mining the richer portions of the reserve, but by the extended use of jack-hammer machines, resulting in cleaner stoping, a higher value of ore obtained from reclamation, and increased tonnage of waste rock sorted out both underground and on the surface. TAURUS

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Presiding at the ordinary general meeting of the Buenos Aires Western Railway Company Limited on October 20, Sir Henry Bell (the chairman) said that the final results for the year did not come up to earlier expectations, but the showing was not unsatisfactory, inasmuch as, after charging the exchange loss of £171,157 against net revenue, they were able to transfer £100,000 to the general reserve fund, to recommend a dividend of 6 per cent., and to carry forward £57,053, or about £9,000 less than was brought in.

Drought shrivelled up the wheat, oat, and linseed crops in the Pampa districts. The importance of these crops was very great, because they got a long haul and the traffic was heavy, for some stations in the province were amongst the largest cereal stations in the Republic. The quantities of wheat, barley, oats, and linseed transported were much lower, and the receipts declined on account of these four traffics by £384,739. Receipts from maize increased by £133,000, but earnings from wheat were only about £377,000, against an average for the previous five years of £690,000. A certain proportion was kept back for higher prices, and this position had since been maintained.

When it became evident that they were going to lose the greater part of the Pampa crops, the company's officials realised that there was a possibility of retrieving the situation to some extent by sowing maize. As a consequence, a large area was put under maize, and so many farmers took advantage of the opportunity afforded them that had the weather conditions been more favourable there would have been a very considerable result. As it was, though the largest quantity of maize previously carried from the Pampa districts was in 1919-1920, when 45,000 tons were transported, it was estimated that there would be 180,000 tons available this year.

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